

# The Bismarck Tribune.

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## NORTHERN PACIFIC

### REGULAR TRAINS TO MANDAN AFTER MONDAY.

#### Meeting of the Locating Parties Beyond the Little Missouri--Bly's Baby Mine--President Billings' Report.

##### TRAINS FOR MANDAN.

On and after Monday next regular trains will run between Bismarck and Mandan carrying express matter and the U. S. mails. The transfer crosses with supplies every half hour and the new approach to river on the west bank is a complete success. Small villages are springing up all along the line of the extension and early in the spring of 1881 regular trains will be running through to the Yellowstone. Emigration both east and west of Bismarck will be very large next season and everything indicates a lively season for Mandan and the making of a great wholesale point for Bismarck, which will in less than ten years contain a population of 20,000 and do a business almost if not quite equal to St. Paul or Minneapolis.

**BLV'S COAL MINE.**  
forty miles west, is now a way station on the Northern Pacific Track is being laid at the rate of a mile a day and no railroad can ever boast of more favorable circumstances surrounding its building. The grading extends nearly to the Little Missouri. The bad lands, in that district can be worked during the winter providing there is not a heavy fall of snow. It is nothing but sand and is easy dirt to handle. The contractors would rather work during the winter season even if they don't much more than cover expenses as they will keep them here ready for the spring opening. Chief engineer Gen Rosser and Thos. Doane, consulting engineer, have been out to the Little Missouri and

**LOCATED THE CROSSING.**  
The bridge will be 600 feet long and will have a good foundation on either side. The locating party coming east, from the Yellowstone have met the one going west and are now coming east. The engineers on the extension are using coal from the "Baby Mine." It burns well but would hardly do for long trips as it burns out rapidly. Mr. Bly will soon be able to lay the coal down in Bismarck on the car at \$3.25 per ton. If it could be procured that will burn it, it will be much cheaper than wood.

**EXTENSIVE STOCK YARDS**  
have been built at Mandan and it is expected that large quantities of Montana cattle will be shipped from there. Over twenty cars were loaded at that point this week bound for Chicago. The Northern Pacific are purchasing new stock cars, and making arrangements for the cattle trade.

**PRESIDENT BILLINGS' REPORT.**  
made at the recent annual meeting of the board of directors, shows the earnings for the road for the ten months ending June 30th, 1879, to have been \$1,157,261.82. The gross earnings for the same months last year were \$974,238.29, an increase this year of \$220,023.53. The operating expenses, salaries, legal expenses, rents, printing, etc., being deducted leave a balance of \$348,305.20 as the net earnings over all for the ten months.

**THE DIFFERENT DIVISIONS.**  
The Missouri division extends to the Yellowstone river, 200 miles. The Yellowstone is the next division, about 304 miles in length, chiefly in the Yellowstone valley, and it is proposed to proceed with the surveys and final location there, so as to put a portion of it under construction early next season, in advance of the completion of the Missouri division.

The next, following the Yellowstone, is called the Rocky Mountain division, about 200 miles, then Clark's Ford division, about 280 miles, the next is Pend d'Oreille division, about 210 miles. The last extends from Lake Pend d'Oreille to the navigable waters of the Columbia. The construction of the Pend d'Oreille division is about to be commenced.

##### THE GREAT WHEAT REGION.

The lands belonging to the Missouri and Pend d'Oreille divisions of the road, have been explored, and are found to be valuable, the former embracing a large extent of first-class agricultural lands, and nearly all the remainder, including what have been heretofore called "the bad lands," being remarkably well adapted for grazing purposes; and the latter, being in the great plains of the Columbia river are, for the great part, to be ranked among the best wheat producing lands in the world.

Grading has commenced from the Columbia river eastward toward Lake Pend d'Oreille. Twelve thousand tons of steel rails, with the fastenings, have been contracted for, delivered at tide-water, in the months of December, January and February.

With the Missouri and Pend d'Oreille division completed, there will be a gap between them of something over 800 miles. While this is being filled, it is expected a mail route will be established, and stages run between the approaching rails. The land to be earned by the construction will amount to over five millions of acres for

the Missouri division, and over five millions for the Pend d'Oreille division.

##### EXPRESS BUSINESS, ETC.

In July last the directors resolved that from and after the first day of January, 1880, the company shall itself do the express business on its lines, and that all "sleeping" and so-called "parlor cars," regularly run on the lines of the road operated by the company, shall be owned, controlled and managed by it; and that no special or privileged freight line or lines shall be permitted to be maintained or operated on any line of railroad controlled by this company.

##### CAPITAL STOCK.

The capital stock of the company is fixed by the plan of re-organization, as it is by the charter, at \$100,000,000, divided into one million shares, of \$100 each.

Under the plan of re-organization it is subdivided into preferred stock, 510,000 shares (\$51,000,000) and common stock, 490,000 shares (\$49,000,000).

The preferred stock is receivable at par for the company's lands east of the Missouri river, in the State of Minnesota and the Territory of Dakota. Such conversion is the extinguishment of the stock.

##### THE DIRECTORY

has been greatly strengthened and Manager Sargent is solid with the friendship of President Billings. It is expected next year that such rates will be given to cattle dealers and heavy Northwestern shippers, that the freight lost this season will be regained with interest.

##### THE YELLOWSTONE END.

A private letter to the *Yellowstone Journal*, dated Sept. 23d, at Glendive Creek, says: "Our party commenced the location at a point some five miles above Glendive on the 1st inst. The line runs thence down the south bank of the Yellowstone river to mouth of Glendive creek, thence up Glendive creek and is now located to this point a total distance of nineteen miles. The line will continue thence up Glendive creek by way of the eastern or main branch of the Glendive creek, to connect with the line now being located by another party working west. There remained on Saturday last only thirty miles to locate, to connect the two lines. By Saturday the 27th inst. the two parties will have located some seventeen miles more, and by Oct. 7th or 10th at latest, the work of locating through the Missouri division of the N. P. R. should be completed. This section of the country abounds in game of various kinds; mountain sheep, black tail and wood deer, elk, sage and prairie chickens. Thus far we have had plenty of wood for fuel, excellent water and good grazing. No running water is found in the main creek above here at present. Some two miles from here on the fork on the west bank of Glendive, the water bubbles out of a spring of delicious water, in a hillside. Standing water in ponds is found all the way up the main creek however. We shall move camp about eight miles southeast from here on Saturday the 27th inst."

##### UNSUCCESSFUL ROBBERY.

#### Three Men Lay in Wait For Chris Johnson, the Herder.

Some of the stage company employees allow their wages to accumulate, and occasionally one gets a fat purse at pay day. Chris Johnson, herder, was one of this class. Last Monday night he was watching his cattle out on the Little Heart when three men came up and took his party by surprise. They knocked one man down and tied him and gave another a terrible blow on the top of his head and left him to die, which, however, he did not do. He played possum. They only succeeded in getting \$50 instead of \$600, as they supposed Johnson to have. The robbers then left for parts unknown. A messenger was immediately dispatched to town and the matter placed in the hands of Sheriff McKenzie. Tuesday morning Alex spied a man on the streets, with Missouri river mud on his pants. He looked bad and was arrested on suspicion. He was told that the other two were captured Tuesday afternoon on the river above the landing. Their names are Joe Young, Wm. Decker and Smith. They are now boarding at the county's expense, awaiting trial. Robbers and road-agents stand no show in this country, of avoiding Alex McKenzie's grasp.

##### Amusements.

The Opera House is crowded every night with appreciative audiences. The Naïad Queen takes well. It is a fine burlesque, well put on and well rendered by the company. The great LaRue, the cornet and banjo player, is on this week. She shows a thorough knowledge of both instruments, and is a fascinating singer. The Vincent Combination still remain, also Gus Peters, M'le LeEuta and Carrie Foster. Manager Whitney deserves great credit for active endeavors to please the public and should be greeted with a full house every night. The company play "Pin-a-4" next week.

##### The Cody Robbery.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Ash returned from Stevenson yesterday with the witnesses in the Cody robbery case. They are Chas. Gurley, Wm. Myers, J. B. Hanson and Thos. McCart. Cody was caught by some Indians at Berthold and given over to the authorities. While in the Stevenson guard house he confessed his crime. He stole \$380 from Myers, a wood chopper at the Slides, fifty miles above Stevenson. Only \$315 has been recovered. His trial takes place Monday.

## RESCUE OF PAYNE

### COL. MERRITT REACHES THE SCENE OF DISASTER.

#### A Desperate Struggle--Nine Indians Killed--The Colored Cavalry Company--Fort Buford Steamboat News.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)  
PAYNE'S RESCUE.

CHEYENNE, WY., Oct. 9.—Major Gillis sends the following from Rawlins:

RAWLINS, Oct. 8.—Mail carrier from Snake river just in. He reports that Merritt reached Payne's command Monday afternoon, after a severe fight and the killing of nine Indians. He found them all right. The colored cavalry company joined Payne last Friday night, losing all their horses but two in doing so. The mail carrier knows nothing about the condition of the officers and men. The companies of the Fourteenth regiment were at least twenty-four hours behind Merritt's command.

(Signed) GILLIS.

##### STEAMBOAT NEWS.

Special Dispatch to The Tribune.

FT. BUFORD, Oct. 9.—Steamer Josephine with companies "D" and "I" Seventh Infantry, Major Ilges commanding, from Musselshell, en route to Fort Snelling, left here for Bismarck at 1 p. m. yesterday. The Eclipse with companies "A" and "G" of the same regiment, Capt. Browning commanding, left for Bismarck at 5.30 this morning. The Josephine will probably reach Bismarck early on Saturday. The boys want to join the rest of their regiment in the field. The principal topic of conversation on the Eclipse last night was the story of her trip which the pilots jocosely style the latest expedition to the north pole in search of Sir John Franklin.

##### RAGING FIRES.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

DEADWOOD, Oct. 8.—The damages by the fire now raging in this vicinity can not be estimated. In Bear Gulch district people have to fight for their lives. Many shacks and miners' camps have burned. Over one hundred thousand cords of wood has already been burned. It is terribly dry.

##### AN OHIO BLOW-OUT.

#### Opening of the Seventh Exposition of Cincinnati.

The seventh exposition is now being held in Cincinnati. The Music Hall, or Springer Hall, as it is sometimes called, as Reuben R. Springer donated the largest sum towards its erection, his direct contributions amounting to the large sum of \$185,000. This part was completed in the spring of 1878, but with that Mr. Springer's munificence did not cease. He proposed giving \$50,000 for wings to the hall, the plan being to use all the buildings every fall for an exposition. The lot given by the city fronts on Elm street, opposite Washington Park. The buildings occupy the middle of the lot facing east. The total frontage on Elm street of the entire building is 402 feet; the depth to Plum street, 319 feet; from the pinnacle to the sidewalk is 150 feet, thus furnishing an edifice for an exposition larger than any ever built in the United States, except the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia. It opened with a blaze of civic and military glory, with the presence and assistance of the President of the United States and a galaxy of the most noted of our great men. The procession was four miles in length, and the city crowded to witness the opening. A few remarks were made by the president of the exposition, Mr. Pendleton, President Hayes, Governor Bishop and other.

##### Missouri River Improvements.

(Benton Record.)

The channel at Dauphin Rapids is now 3,490 feet long, 100 feet wide, and the dam at the head of the bar has been finished and increased the depth of the channel about one foot. Over 5,000 rocks have been taken out. Two posts to which steamers can lay lines have been planted, thus saving the time of arranging "dead men." If boats will lay a line from the foot of the bar to the first or lower post, and then keep the boat's head on the post, no rocks will be struck, and a good clear channel of over three feet depth will be found. At Cow Island all the dams are completed and excellent results have been obtained. At Grand Island the left chute has been closed and the party are now engaged in the construction of a dyke to increase the source and depth of water on the upper shoal. This work finished, the dam on the lower end of the island will be built. Another party is at work on Bird's Rapids and will complete the work this season, and still another party is at work on a very small shoal place below Dauphin. A clear channel will be

made there and a wing dam built to increase the depth of the shoal.

##### Gov. Austin Indorsed.

(Valley City Times.)

We have carefully read and re-read the letter to the *Pioneer-Press* which discusses knowingly and liberally the coming men of Dakota, and if said article was written for some favorite therein named, the fact is well in disguise. The paragraph relating to our Land office register, we must repeat and endorse. "Gov. Austin will prove an interesting figure in Dakota politics. He is now the silent man. When Northern Dakota becomes a territory, and later a state, honest Horace, who shook the Minnesota railroads over his head, will loom up as a dangerous rival. Then it will be remembered that he was twice governor of Minnesota and would have been named a third time had he not dallied with the wishes of the people. The army of Minnesotans that have bivouacked on the plains of Dakota, will have a tender regard for their old friend and comrade. Few public men have a cleaner record, and any forecast of the future with Gov. Austin left out would be a defective horoscope."

##### Holes in the Delegate Skimmer.

The Sioux Falls *Pantagraph* in an editorial reviewing the Cactus political letter to the *Pioneer-Press*, says: "The preponderance of imported talent in the last is very observable, and the question may likely be sprung, before the nominating gets on record, whether Dakota Republicans are really obliged to continually select the objects for their highest honors from among men who can scarcely be said to be among us of their own free will and accord. The list made up by the correspondent alluded to, will of course receive many additions before the convention meets; but it will also be considerably cut down by the voluntary withdrawal of some of the gentlemen mentioned, and practically reduced quite likely by the reciprocal efforts at political slaughter which at least one pair of those named will be certain to indulge in—in which event it may transpire that there are more holes in the delegate skimmer than that letter writer thought of, and that some of them are located in the southeastern part of the utensil."

##### Prairie Fires.

The passenger train due here last Monday night did not arrive until the next night, owing to extensive prairie fires along the line. A few miles this side of Crystal Springs about one thousand yards of ties and several culverts were burned leaving the iron strung along on the ground. The train was obliged to wait until new ties could be put in. Tuesday's train was but little behind time, but had no mail car attached. The prairie between Bismarck and Fargo is one vast desolate looking plain and not a hand-some sight to a stranger who has never seen it with its green mantle. Prairie chickens, dogs, rabbits, etc., have had to hunt their holes or perish in the fire, in which event it may be said that they die game.

##### Burleigh County Schools.

Gen. W. H. H. Beadle, Territorial Supt. of Public Instruction, spent a part of last week with County Supt. Justus Bragg, visiting and examining the schools of Burleigh County. Gen. Beadle expressed himself as well pleased with the condition of the schools at this place and at Mandan. He thinks they compare favorably with the schools in other parts of the Territory, in point of qualifications of teachers, and intellectual capacity of the scholars. He seemed more than pleased with the excellent qualifications of our two teachers, Mr. McCrary and Mrs. Marston, employed in the Bismarck School.

##### Anything He Wants.

All that Charlie Collins has to do is to make up his mind that he wants something and he votes himself an office. He owns 1,400 lots in Brule City and is making money. He is county clerk and register of deeds and has just received his commission as clerk of the second judicial district. He has secured the county seat at Brule City and is now superintending the building of a court house. An election of county commissioners, etc., takes place Nov. 4th.

##### Fire Limits.

At a meeting of the common council last Monday the fire limits of the city were extended and now cover the property situated between Washington avenue on the west and Sixth street on the east; Sweet street on the south and Rosser St. on the north. No straw-covered shacks or other combustible material will be allowed in this section and all chimneys, etc., must be kept in good repair.

##### First Consignment.

Tuesday the first shipment of Montana cattle from Mandan was made. There were twenty-one car loads. This lot is a part of the herd of 1700 mentioned in THE TRIBUNE some time since as enroute to Chicago. Shipments from Mandan promise to be quite extensive in the future.

## THE UPPER MISSOURI

### LIEUT. WALKER'S RECENT ESCORT WITH HALF-BREDS.

#### The Resort to the Overland Route--New Barracks at Buford--Extensive Farming on the Upper Missouri.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)  
WALKER'S COMMAND.

FT. BUFORD, Oct. 1.—Lieut. Walker's command on the recent trip with the half-breeds across the line, reached the boundary, seventy-seven and one-half miles from this post. There was a disposition on the part of the half-breeds to select another route but they became convinced they were not detailed for this purpose and wisely went with their escort. The battalion of the Fifth Infantry at Wolf Point commanded by Col. O. H. Moore, has been ordered in and is expected by the first boat down the river. Company "C" will be stationed here and Co. "K" goes to Stevenson. The

##### CLOSING OF NAVIGATION

on the Yellowstone renders overland travel to Miles City and posts in the district of the Yellowstone a necessity and transportation is now in readiness on the opposite side of the Missouri awaiting the arrival of officers from the East who are expected by the first boat from Bismarck en route to Keogh and Custer. Mrs. W. C. Vaughn, who has been visiting her brother M. L. Upton, of Council Bluffs, came up on the Big Horn anticipating a pleasant trip up the Yellowstone, but an overland journey is now in order to Ft. Keogh where the expectant "warrior half" is located. Capt. W. D. O'Boyle, the trader at Keogh, accompanied by Mrs. O'Boyle, will come down from the upper Missouri on the first boat and leave overland for Keogh. The annual camp has been established on the opposite side of the river nearly opposite the old ferry, and all freight brought up by steamboat for points on the Yellowstone will be landed there and placed under charge of the guard until the train from above can take it away. General Hazen, when last heard from had returned to Fort Ellis from the National Park and was en route to Helena, Montana. The Gen. will return to the post via Ft. Shaw and Missouri river. Orders have been given for the erection of five new buildings at this post to be used as company barracks. This will indeed be a blessing to the soldiers, as the old ones are hardly fit for occupancy.

##### HE TOOK GREELEY'S ADVICE.

A few years ago a young man, tired of working for a salary, determined to make an effort toward establishing himself in a home of his own. He longed for the vine and fig tree of his own culture. Selecting a spot some twenty odd miles from here he went to work, erected "buildings" and commenced an enterprise. When he started he broke land and put in crops. He was told by some very prominent men that he would never succeed in raising anything. Cold water was especially thrown on his idea that it was a fine place for oats. To-day were you to visit the ranch and claim of R. C. Matthews, the Little Muddy, a glance would suffice to show the fallacy of the above statements. About 35 miles this side of Lanning and Grinnell's is the first halting place traveling overland from Buford to Bismarck and the last when traveling reverse. There is seven miles of

##### SPLENDID BOTTOM LAND

here by about two miles in width. Two creeks run through this bottom emptying into the Missouri, one the "Stony" flowing directly by the ranch. The land on both creeks is good farming land with an average depth of soil of about four feet. The stock range is unlimited with fine bluff and timber shelter. Mr. Matthews has 175 acres under cultivation for next year. He broke 120 acres this year. Thirty acres of oats here this season yielded 50 bushels to the acre, three acres of wheat 25 bushels per acre, two acres of potatoes were especially fine. In fact all vegetables of every description yielded abundantly. An additional 200 acres will be broken next season. The buildings here are very good build of heavy logs. There is stabling for one hundred animals and a corral 200x100 feet, with 30 tons of hay for the benefit of the traveling public alone. Like Lanning & Grinnell's the gentleman means business and it is worthy of note that they have undertaken this matter, while there were many who thought they were building their houses upon sand.

##### AT TOBACCO GARDEN.

between Matthews and Lanning's is the stock ranch of Boyd & Congdon, and by next season they, too, will have something to say about their "crop." Here at Buford as we walk around we note wagons and carts loaded down with the products of the soil from not only the military garden but those of Mr. Jordan, Mr. O'Connell and others. The cry of harvest home is verily going through the land, and next winter the well filled tables of the boys in blue will amply repay the labor of the past summer. Still if there is anything I do admire, it is to climb trees and gather "brown leaves" for the ladies. I'm getting into the sere and yellow leaf myself.

REX

##### "That Spectacle Again."

The Vermillion *Republican* replies to the Sioux Falls *Pantagraph's* reference to Mr. Lounsberry published last week, as follows: "We reply to the above—1st, by the people who have lived long enough in Dakota to know Colonel Lounsberry; 2d, that sort of honor which good citizens delight to confer upon their faithful and distinguished representatives; 3d, the channel of the ballot box if necessary; 4th, Col. Lounsberry needs no introduction to the people of Southern Dakota, except it may be to the *Pantagraph*, people, who think him dead, because they have not seen him in Sioux Falls during their short sojourn in Dakota; 5th, we never heard from any respectable authority that the Col. was a Democrat; and finally it has always been understood by the intelligent population of Dakota that he was a Republican; and lastly: Lounsberry as a "candidate" would be a harder "spectacle" to beat than the *Pantagraph's* "fine spectacle" of last fall."

##### The River.

Low water. Steamboat arrivals seldom. The N. P. transfer boat crosses every half hour. Steamer MacLeod passed Knife River down at 1.20 a. m. yesterday. Steamer Helena is on her way from Yankton to Cow Island, leaving this city Oct. 14th. Buford arrivals--Rose Bud up 5 a. m. on the 4th; Sherman, up 5.15 on the 5th; Tompkins, up 1 p. m. on the 7th. Steamer Key West left here Tuesday with a company of recruits for the Sixth Infantry at Stevenson and Buford.

IMPERFECT PAGE



## A WESTERN HEROINE.

### Rose Maguire's Midnight Ride.

We were on the up-grade, and six horses were slowly pulling their best. We were in a forest of mountains, each spiked over its top by a row of pines, standing straight and stiff against the horizon. I could see the road far ahead, winding round the ascent like a girdling ribbon, and bending over the side, while a resinous, piney fragrance enchanted my nostrils. I looked into the depths of a pine forest, with its waste of underbrush springing round the roots, and a marvel of cool, dull green underlying it all.

Exceptionally fine weather it was, the stage-driver said, for this time of the year. I was out on the box, you will understand, because it made me sick to ride inside, and for this once I was glad of it. Perched so far above ground, I had felt as though borne in air, and I should have liked to snatch the reins from his hands and set the horses into a mad gallop up hill and down. The mountain air was as heady as champagne, and the changing view spread before me dazzled my eyes. A hundred times I called to Tom, yawning and drowsing his time inside, to look from his window at the nooks and glens among the windings of the brawling stream, or the sudden plunges we made into ravines, or the grand rise of mountain above mountain revealed to us by our own elevation.

Suddenly, as we were crawling on the up-grade, round a projection ahead of us appeared a woman on horseback. Our driver tightened his slack reins, and gave a low, peculiar whistle to his horses. Six pair of ears straightened briskly, the lagging hoofs picked themselves up and every horse began to pull, so that we fell into a smart trot. The horsewoman ahead shook her bridle, and, without warning, her pony stretched itself into a sharp gallop, and as its flying feet touched the ground, she rose in the saddle like a bird, with a light, easy, graceful motion of the shoulders, and a careless poise of the head. So we passed one another in fine style, and as she dashed along the road she was quite an excitement to me. Her black eyes were dark and frankish, her black hair hung in a braid down her back, and was tied with an end of red ribbon; her cheeks and lips were rosy as the sunset that called the blush to the mountain, and she had a saucy cap on her head. She had a witching, catch-me-if-you-dare face, when you took it all together, and she flashed up at the box-seat a recognition as she passed.

Tom poked his lazy head out of the window to look after her. "A decent-looking girl, that; mettlesome, I should say," he called up to me. "Just call my attention in time when another such view heaves into sight, will you?"

I saw the corners of the driver's mouth jerking in a half smile. He clicked to his horses, hemmed a bit, arranged his coat-collar, then fixed his gaze between the ears of the off wheeler, and he said, "That's Rosie Maguire."

"Indeed!" I said, my eyebrows twisting into an interrogation point.

"Yes'm, Tim Maguire's daughter over into the town, and as soon as we get up this mound and strike the Bunker grade we'll be there in less than an hour."

That is the way he began to tell me the story, which, as near as I can I shall tell to you. I had the shifting scene before me, though the spot in which the plot was laid and played and the chief actors were in my mind.

Rose Maguire came into these parts alone with her father when he opened the "hotel." Being without a mother, she had no bringing up, and early took to horses. From a little girl up, she had never minded whether a horse was a tame or a wild one. Put her once in the saddle, and she stuck to it like a cat. She knew her way among the hills better than she knew her way along the lines of a book, and day after day she was out among them, riding none knew whither, till her fancy called her home. Had she met danger in human form, she'd have shaken her horse's heels in its face, and been off on the gallop before it could have drawn breath. As she came through the town on her horse, from this direction or that, she was a sight as well known as the stage itself dashing up to the door of her father's "hotel."

There wasn't a young man thereabouts but had his eye on Rose Maguire for a wife by-and-by, if she'd have him. But Rose, she tossed her head at each and all, though she threw a glance at them now and then from under her lashes, with a look that was like spiced wine of thirst, just to keep them on the string—the little flirt.

Among these admirers was a homely fellow, who'd have given hand and foot for little Rose—one John Winstanley by name, but called, for short, Johnny Win. If ever there was one man at whom she snuffed up her little nose it was Johnny. She ordered him to her stirrup and never noticed him when he came; she cut him dead without a look, and again speared him through with a glance; she smiled upon the veriest good-for-nothings when he was near, and at times he wished that he had been a dog, that he might shrink into a corner by himself, so hurt he felt. He was one of the owners of the short stage line, and was not above taking the whip himself when occasion demanded, and many and many a day had he invited Rosie for a ride in the seat of honor by his side, but she'd only shake her head and smile, like the witch that she was. "I'll ride in your stage when I get to be a lady, and go for my wedding journey!" she cried after him one day, and on his return that night he found her walking with a fellow that had just opened store in town. "Well, well," he said to Tim Maguire, after supper, "from this time on it's good-by Rosie with me."

This speech was duly repeated to her, and her chin went up in the air, her cheeks grew redder, and her black eyes

brighter, and her dainty ears perked anew in offended dignity. "Now hear to me, father," said she; it's well Johnny's content, and tell him for me, that your Rosie's looking higher up."

In the beginning of that winter it started in to rain, and it rained right along through. The soil was soaked, and here and there on the mountain sides the land began to slide, and it was a soft and dangerous thing to tread on. The little streams that trickled along in summer so musically came foaming down in torrents, though never in any one place cutting wide channels, since the water made for itself a hundred courses, and fretted at the feet of boulders and the roots of trees, laying them bare, or undermining them as slowly and secretly as a false friend. The water was fresh and sparkling, and if but for an hour the sun shone, the hill-side glistened with the rain-drops clinging to the pines, and the running streams were necklaces of silver. As if bruised by the beating rains, the forest sent up an odor into the heavens, and there was no bush or vine but had its own fragrance.

It was rain, rain, rain, and the roads became so unsafe that it was thought risky to run the stage on account of the many ruts and soft spots in the track, down which the water had steeped, leaving the surface fair and smooth. It came so bad that one morning the paid driver made it his business to beg off on account of the worry the trips gave his wife.

"Then I'll go myself, for the mail must be brought," said Johnny Win. "But if you break a neck, there's no one to cry for you. It was Rose said it, having overheard him."

"All the same, Miss Rosie; I'll go, and perhaps the neck 'll break easier because it 'll grieve no one," and then she went singing away up the rough stairs, and he rode out into the mountains with the reins of his six horses in his hands.

Carefully he drove, warily he watched the road, and it rained and rained. Drops fell as big as an egg, and broke upon branches and stones. Where the streams quarrelled with rocks, it seemed as though the hills were struggling and foaming at the mouth. In the town it rained just as hard, and, trying to sing, Rosie Maguire went about the house busying herself with a thousand things, but finding time once a minute to look from the window.

Five o'clock was stage time, but no stage came. Supper came and went, people dropped in for the mail and went home, the clock struck seven, and still no stage.

"He's probably waited over, finding the roads too bad to get in by daylight," said one.

"No," answered Tom Maguire; "Johnny's got too much grit up an' git an' reg'lar grit to be beat by a road. Depend upon it, boys, he's in trouble somewhere with that stage an' them horses. It 'ud be worth a man's life to find out though."

While he leaned over his bar and puffed the smoke and talk from between his lips, enjoying the small excitement, he never noticed the little girl hovering near the door, anxiously smiling and smartening up a bit, or curving and bridling with her neck as a glance from some one or other of the numerous pairs of eyes shot that way. But sometimes she strained her ear to catch a sound, or hol lowed her hand round it not to lose a word, or shook her hair restlessly away, and a minute after hummed at a saucy snatch or two, and all the time fitting about like a moth near the door, so busy with the broom, or the curtain, or the rug.

It was good eight when certain assurance was brought that the stage was really on the road, on its back trip, by a horseman who had met and passed it struggling off among the hills. Many were the hands raised, palm outward, in dismay then; but when the men took a look out at the window into the dead darkness, and heard the roar of the stream and the swish of the falling rain, they shook their heads, and coming back spit at the stove once more.

And when the clock was on the stroke of nine a small form, a-tiptoe and a-tremble, stole out the back doorway silently and stilly as the leaf that whispers but to itself as it falls, and the eyes that gleamed beneath the low forehead like stars of a dark night were wet with some thing besides drops of rain.

Out to the stables Rosie flew straight as a sent arrow; and her own little bare mare whinnied, and the small hand slid rapidly down its flanks as bridle went over neck, and saddle across back. The mare stamped and pawed, and then shrunk back for an instant at the door as a drop splashed in her face; but she gathered herself together and with a bound like a rabbit she was off and away into the dark.

And then began the wild ride of Rosie Maguire!

The feet of the little mare danced upon the bridge that spanned the swollen stream, lit with a dull thud in the mud, struck fire from the stones that lay beyond, then away she started on a gallop up the Bunker grade till the wise little mistress checked her speed. "Nay, nay," said the brave Rose, "we shall need our strength for the long, hard roads that lie beyond."

As they touched the top of the mountain, the rain had ceased, but a dull and sullen silence fell from the heavens, and a watery, blue-eyed moon looked out; an eerie, goblin moon looked out, and the clouds had jagged its edges till it looked like a torn tear. It illumined the dreadful mountain and the gaunt forest with the ghost of a light that shimmered and wavered half way between a fear and a smile. But the little maid kept her way, flying, as it seemed to herself, always in the dark, while the shuddering shadows on either side of her made great jumps over her head, and reached and drew back their black-gloved hands.

"Why, Johnny," she said to herself, at once, "Johnny, I never shall find you; and may be your wheels have gone over the side of the mountain in this dreadful dark." And then she was half crying, and she put her hands over her eyes; but the little mare felt her way on and on, and with her good horse-sense stepped now to this side, now to that, accepting the warnings her sensitive feet took from bad ground. They left behind them the great rock from whose solid heart the road had been hewn, the clump of firs that blackened all one side of the hill, the round, bare-headed mountain that through the whole year stood uncovered among its fellows. A hundred stream they dashed through that spluttered and splashed and made their outcry, and the night was now hideous, now musical with the sounds that waivered or sung through it. The sigh of the pines filled the ears set to every sound; a shiver like a moan came up through the branches; a dozen sighs at once breathed across the startled lips; every twig, every stone and stick seemed to echo like the failing twang of a harp, and the rushing waters rollicked faintly afar off, or burst into chorus behind or before.

Eh? but it was a wild ride! Up hill and down hill, through mud and through mire, alone in the dead night among the lonely mountains, with a great cry in the heart of "O! where are you Johnny Win, and how shall I find you at all?" Despairing eyes peered through the dark, and its darker imaginings, and fancy pictured a dead man far down the hill-side—perhaps this spot, or this, or this, had witnessed the first false step, and such sobe broke through her lips that they came to agony just of themselves. Her thoughts were wild animals feeding on her heart; and a hundred times almost she leaped from her saddle at something that was like a human moan. Calls from north and south and east and west whistled in her ear, smuggled in under cover of a creaking branch or a dashing stone, like a letter under an apron. "Rosie, my girl!" "Rosie Maguire!" "Here I am, Rosie, mockin' ye, Rose, an' it's here I am, not over there!" "Oh, Rose, Rose!" "I am on the hill now, watchin' the horses dance." "No, Rose, no; it's crawling at your stirrup I am, waitin' the lift of your hand." "Rose, Rosie, darlin'!"

But like a hero fighting in battle, she struck them down, hovering upon her saddle out of every fear, and shrinking first from one side to another, uncertain as to where danger lay. A young girl, full of her shiverings, her fears, and her fancies, in a thick, dark cut by the frightful moon-rays, miles and miles from an abode; what if some bold fellow should hear her mare's gallop and ride to her side now? Is it a wonder that she put her hand over upon the horse's neck, just to make sure of something that was really alive and a friend?

But, hurrah! my brave little Rose, my brave bay mare! What is that really down in the gulch this time, its fore wheels in a rut and the water playing like a mill-race through them? As you live, six horses, weary and worn, stand patiently in harness, and lo! a man on the ground with a broken leg and his reins round his hands, waiting the painful night through till day and help shall come. Nay, never scream, my girl, nor jump from your saddle so. You've found him, Rose, you've found him, spite of of road and rain and night, and your two slender wet arms frantically clinging round his neck are like angel touches to him.

Now chirrup to your horses, Johnny Win, and get your stage out of the rut as you lie on the ground; then up, man, over the wheel, dragging your leg after you. Wouldn't that brave girl by your side make the heart of the very mountain leap to its mouth?

Slowly and cautiously along the road they went, the tired mare following behind. Through the shadows and the hills and the voices of the night, robbed of its terrors now, went Rose, and Johnny, and the stage, and the pretty mare across the treacherous streams, and the thousand ravines, and the stones that lay by the way, and the shadows that lay had sprung like wolves to the dainty stirrup. Slowly, and O, carefully, the horses ears hanging from very weariness; but, behold! the breaking of the day brought them to the highest peak of all, and the fair down grade was all that lay between them and rest. Then the horses pricked up their ears, the wheels spun, and down they whirled, with Rose's own little foot helping on the break. Well, well, but it was glad they were to see the houses, though not a soul was stirring; what with Johnny's broken limb, and Rose's cheeks feverish with excitement, the night she had spent, the deed she had done, which must go to the world, and the blushes of her own ashamed and confessed love.

Astonished the hostler was when he came running, half asleep, and there was Tim Maguire staring aghast from an upper window, and a dozen others round by the lumbering stage. But Rose's ride was ended, and down she stepped and slipped away to hide her face in her own pillow. It was ended, but the noise of it went abroad through the mountains, and though there was a year come the 18th day of January, the folks have never done talking about the ride she took in the night over the roads.

"Sir, I congratulate you on your bride that is to be," cried I, warmly, turning to the driver.

"Thank ye," he answered, pleasantly, "She will be eighteen come the 20th day of September."

"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired the good man to the little six-year-old boy, who was awaiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well enough," replied the embryo statesman, ingeniously, but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

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## SENTIMENT ON THE SANDS.

We wandered away from the crowd,  
The blare of the noisy band  
By the loving lips of the ocean  
Over the golden sand;

Talking ridiculous nonsense,  
Inspecing preposterous shells,  
Flotsam and jetsam various,  
With singular maritime smells.

A bottle, a barrel, some seaweed,  
Some anacardic bivalves agape,  
The remains of their edible person-  
Shed and dried out of shape.

Past children intarring each other  
In jocular tomblits of sand,  
Digging and delving, and laughing,  
A merry sepulchral band.

"Might I smoke?" "As a matter of course,"  
She liked the smell of the weed.  
A light from a son of the soil,  
And back with impetuous speed

She was posted in a pensive pose  
As I noiselessly neared her stand,  
And I saw that she wrote with her parasol,  
Lines on the golden sand

My heart it patted my ribs,  
She's writing, no doubt, on the fly,  
The name that pleases her best—  
"My own, I'll be bound," thought I.

Over her shoulder I peeped—  
Over her ruffling collar,  
On the golden sand she scrawled  
\$100,000

—Harper's Bazar.

## MEDICAL REMINISCENCES.

A Chat With Dr. Parker of New York on his  
79th Birthday.

Dr. Willard Parker, the eminent sur-  
geon and physician of this city, began  
his eightieth year yesterday, having been  
born with the century. He spent his  
boyhood in New Canaan, Conn., an old-  
fashioned New England village nestling  
among the hills of Fairfield county. Dr.  
Parker, whose country-seat is about half  
a mile from the village proper, at the top  
of eminence six hundred feet above  
the sea level, and commanding a magnifi-  
cent view of Long Island Sound, was  
looking and feeling younger than most  
men do at fifty. His hand is as steady  
as ever, and his eyes as bright as a young  
man's. "It was forty years ago," he said  
to a *World* reporter who had asked him  
for some reminiscences of the advance  
of medical and surgical science in those  
forty years, "when I first opened an office  
in New York at the corner of Broadway  
and Bleecker street. I was there about  
two years and then removed to the corner  
of eighth street, now the Sinclair house.  
I was there eight years, at the end of  
which I bought two lots on Twelfth street  
and built the house I have lived in ever  
since—about thirty years ago."

"How do the physicians of to-day  
compare with those of thirty years  
ago?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't think  
the general practitioner is any more suc-  
cessful, notwithstanding there have been  
so many great discoveries. But if these  
discoveries have not resulted in any great  
benefit to the present race of doctors,  
they may very materially aid the prac-  
titioner of the future. The medical men  
of to-day are inclined to go too much on  
theory. I think, and that is almost sure  
to result in occasional very great mistakes.  
Take pneumonia, for instance. In the  
old times that was not considered to be a  
very dangerous disease; but nowadays,  
when the disease is treated theoretically,  
if a person gets pneumonia, he is apt to  
think that his life is in great peril. I  
cannot help thinking that we have too  
many specialists nowadays. Formerly a  
doctor was supposed to treat all kinds of  
diseases. Now we have oculists, obstet-  
ricians, neurologists, doctors who make  
a specialty of diseases of the lungs and  
heart, and so on and so forth. This is all  
very well to a certain degree, but I  
think it has been overdone in this  
country."

"What are some of the most impor-  
tant discoveries that have been made  
in medical science in your time?  
Anesthetics, I suppose, would stand  
first?"

"Well, the discovery of anesthetics is  
certainly one of the most important."

"How used you to get along in serious  
surgical operations before the days of  
anesthetics?"

"We had not so very much trouble. If  
we had to cut off a man's leg, or do any  
other important surgical operation, it was  
our custom to give the patient a good  
stiff horn of whiskey or brandy, which  
acted in the same way, only not so pow-  
erfully. We did not make the patient  
drunk but did the operation while he  
was partly under the influence of alco-  
hol. By the use of ether or chloroform  
we have a very great advantage, to be  
sure, for their effects are more powerful.  
They put the patient in a state of the  
most profound insensibility, which en-  
ables us to operate more carefully and  
deliberately. Of course it is a great com-  
fort to the patient, as he can undergo any  
operation without any pain save the men-  
tal fear and anxiety. Speaking of anes-  
thetics reminds me of the fact that I  
might have been the accidental discov-  
er of an anesthetic. When I was a lec-  
turer at the Pittsburg Medical school it  
was a common custom of the students to  
pour sulphuric ether on their handker-  
chiefs and inhale it for a stimulant.  
Some of them used to breathe it until it  
had put them into the second stage of ac-  
tivity and excitement. If one of them  
had kept it up until the third stage—  
that of stupor and profound insensibil-  
ity—had been reached, we might per-  
haps have made the discovery right  
there."

"What country has done the most to-  
ward advancing the science of medicine  
and surgery during the past thirty or  
forty years?"

"If you limit it to that time I should  
say that the Germans have done the most.  
When I first went to Europe for the pur-  
pose of study I visited the principal hos-  
pitals of England and France. Germany

was hardly thought of. Now, however a  
medical student going to Europe would  
not think of returning without making  
observations in Germany. But not so  
many medical students consider it neces-  
sary to pursue their studies into the old  
country as used to."

"Why is that? Have they better facili-  
ties at home than they used to have?"

"Yes. I would not think it was nec-  
essary for a medical student to go to  
Europe to finish his education, even if he  
were preparing himself as a specialist—  
in fact, I don't believe that hardly any of  
them would go if it were not for the fact  
that ocean navigation is now so easy.  
The first time that I went it took us  
thirty-five days to cross the ocean. Now  
you step on a steamer and in eight days  
you are landed on the other side."

"But a great many American students  
do go to Europe, do they not, to complete  
their studies?"

"Certainly, and principally for the rea-  
son that I have stated, that they can do  
it with so little trouble. But a student  
can learn as much here as in Europe.  
Take an oculist, for example. After  
studying the whole field over in this  
country he may have a desire to visit sim-  
ilar fields in foreign countries. He goes  
and when he returns he feels satisfied;  
but after all he has learned nothing but  
what he had learned or, at least, might  
have learned at home.

"Why do you give the Germans so  
much credit?"

"Because they have made such great in-  
vestigations in chemistry, physiology and  
pathology. No other people on earth as  
at present constituted would have done  
it. The German mind is peculiar. An  
enthusiastic German investigator is con-  
tent to spend his whole life in determin-  
ing, for example, the precise dimensions,  
anatomy, and physiology, of the root or  
bulb of a human hair. It costs them  
but little to live, and the more eminent  
investigators, are supported, partially at  
least by the government. These men  
spend their lives in the great laborato-  
ries of Germany, and the amount of knowl-  
edge they have contributed to the human  
race is almost incalculable."

"Do these investigators practice medi-  
cine?"

"Oh, no! As I have said they spend  
their lives either in garrets or government-  
supported laboratories."

"How are the Germans as practition-  
ers?"

"Is it well known that as practitioners  
they have not become so distinguished.  
The Germans are pre-eminently theorists,  
and it is not surprising that they are so.  
The result is that when a German physi-  
cian or surgeon comes to treat a particu-  
lar case he is apt to follow the teachings  
of his master to the letter. This will not  
do, for there can hardly be found two  
cases which require precisely the same  
treatment. For this reason the Ameri-  
can, who is naturally ingenious, when he  
comes to a case will set to thinking on  
his own hook, and will devise some way  
to get successfully through with it.  
Take, for instance, the case of a man  
who has a leg that requires to be ampu-  
tated. The books tell exactly how to do  
it. But suppose the man has in addition  
some serious constitutional disease. Then  
the circumstances are altered entirely,  
and what he can get from the books may  
not help him out of it. So, you see the  
surgeon must always rely mainly upon  
his own knowledge and skill."

## Romance of the Isles of Shoals.

The correspondent of a Western jour-  
nal, writing from the Isles of Shoals, gives  
an interesting account of the original oc-  
cupation of Appledore Island, one of the  
group, on which there has long been a  
summer inn much frequented by New  
Englanders, New Yorkers and Western  
people. It seems to have been purchased  
by a Mr. Leighton, a lawyer and a prom-  
inent local politician of Portsmouth, N.  
H., who bought it with a view to living  
on it permanently on account of his dis-  
satisfaction with his party. He took his  
wife and child—a daughter—there, built  
a rude house, and expressed his determi-  
nation never to return to the mainland.  
He adhered to his determination inflexi-  
bly, for he had grown sour and misan-  
thropic by his political disappointment.  
When his daughter had become fifteen or  
sixteen, a young lawyer of delicate con-  
stitution asked the privilege of boarding  
in Mr. Leighton's isolated family for the  
benefit of his health. The privilege was  
reluctantly accorded, and the attorney,  
being thrown into the society of the  
daughter—described as a very pretty,  
bright and unconventional girl, as she  
would be likely to be with her peculiar  
surroundings—fell desperately in love  
with her. The cynical father opposed  
marriage and was furious at the interlop-  
ing gallant, but as the latter could not  
be bullied or driven off she was to be his  
wife, and the two went to the main land  
and lived there. The lady is now known  
to the literary world as Mrs. Celia Thax-  
ter, the poet, a favorite contributor to the  
*Atlantic*. She is very fond of Appledore,  
doubtless through its early romantic asso-  
ciations, and spends most of her summers  
in a cottage near the Appledore House,  
kept by her brothers, who were born on  
the island and have grown to be inn-keep-  
ers by a process of evolution, gradual but  
irresistible. Persons began to go to the  
house of their father many years ago, as  
to a lygic resort, and patronage in-  
creased until they were forced into the  
position of prosperous landlords. Their  
eccentric father is buried near the hotel,  
his last request being that his remains  
should not be carried to the mainland.  
The correspondent calls Mrs. Thaxter a  
Yankee "Miranda," and makes quite an  
idyl of her history. Not many of our  
watering places have so romantic recita-  
tions, and, unlike most of the recitals  
about such resorts, this one appears to  
be substantially true.

That virtue we appreciate is as much  
ours as another's. We see so much only  
as we possess.

## "LAID ASIDE"

We say them very oft, the two small words;  
Thinking of some who, lying still,  
May watch the reapers at their work.  
May only wait to know their father's will.

But, by what right do we in judgment stand,  
And, looking over the harvest field so wide,  
Say of those lives whose ways we cannot  
know.

These hath the Father's wisdom laid aside?  
They may not toil, their waiting hands lie  
still,  
And cannot glean the sheaves so wide and  
fair;

But shall we say that they are "laid aside"?  
When God's own hand hath touched and  
placed them there?

Because their feet no longer come and go  
Among the sheaves that ripen 'neath the  
sun;  
Because their hands can neither sow nor  
glean,  
Is this the sign that work for them is done?

Ah, no, God does not count them laid aside  
Because his voice has bade them to be still;  
For, though they only wait with folded hands,  
It is enough that so they do His will.

How shall we judge what task on earth is  
theirs?  
God does not measure by our human sight;  
The work we count as nothing, in His  
hands.

May some day shine in radiance of light.  
A life of waiting, lived as for the Lord  
Shall never in His sight be lost;  
Dost find it hard to wait, remember this—  
Our wills opposing God's will make the  
cross.

God's plans are great and deep, His ways are  
wide;  
We strive in vain His will to understand,  
Till, looking upward through the mist of  
doubt,  
We hear His loving voice, and clasp His  
hand.

He holds us then, no harm our souls need  
fear  
If in life's loilsome field He makes our  
place;  
Or, if He bids us lay aside our work,  
And wait unquestioning a little space

And though I dare not judge another's work,  
This do I know—In all God's kingdom  
wide,  
Where'er their place, however small the task,  
None of God's children can be laid aside.

## Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver

During a long life I have learned that  
people who have the happiest and health-  
iest minds take an active part in every-  
thing which concerns their community,  
their State, or the country at large.

A proper interest and sympathy for  
others gives men vigorous minds and a  
broad view, while selfish views tend to  
contract even great intellects.

A thoroughly selfish man must, in the  
end, be a thoroughly unhappy one.

The study of men has taught me still  
another great truth, it is that, while  
their conditions as to wealth, the charac-  
ter of their homes and surroundings are  
very different, the variety of worlds they  
live in are still more varied.

Money may fix the character of a man's  
house, but only intelligence and culture  
can give beauty and interest to the sphere  
or world in which he passes his life.

Every single object on this earth is of  
value to those who know its character, its  
history and its use, while those who are  
ignorant of these things take no interest  
even in the choicest productions of na-  
ture.

To one man the heavens are filled with  
great system of mighty worlds. To an-  
other skies are simply so much blue  
space dotted with bright, but to them  
meaningless points of light. To one the  
earth is an exhaustless museum, giving  
endless subjects for study, thought and  
happiness; to another it is simply a clod  
in which to grow potatoes and cabbages.  
Appreciating and acting on these fam-  
iliar truths, I decided at an early age  
to take an active interest in everything  
that concerned the general welfare, and,  
above all, to keep my mind vigorous and  
sympathetic.

I determined to learn something, no  
matter how little, regarding every ob-  
ject or subject which came under my  
notice.

I did not seek to be learned in a high  
degree with regard to any of these things,  
but I did seek from my own labor and  
the labor of others to gain a reasonable  
conception of the progress of science and  
the ends it has gained.

I believed that by doing so, while life  
lasted, no matter what change of health  
or fortune came, I would be able to find  
some subject or object in the world by  
which I might be interested and render  
ed content.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup molasses,  
one cup brown sugar, one cup sour milk,  
five cups flour, one heaping tablespoonful  
of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda dis-  
solved in hot water, two teaspoonfuls  
ginger, one of cinnamon, mix the mol-  
lasses, sugar, butter, and spices until  
they are several degrees lighter color than  
when you began; add the milk, then the  
soda, lastly the flour; beat very hard five  
minutes; bake in one (or two) shallow  
pans. Try it warm for tea or luncheon,  
and you will soon repeat the experiment.

Make the most of your regrets; never  
smother your sorrow, but tend and cher-  
ish it till it comes to have a separate  
and integral interest. To regret deeply  
is to live fast. By so doing you will  
be astonished to find yourself restored  
once more to all your emoluments.

Whatever your sex or position, life is  
a battle in which you are to show your  
pluck, and woe be to the coward.  
Whether passed on a bed of sickness or  
in the rented field, it is ever the same  
fair flag, and admits of no distinction.  
Despair and postponement are cowardice  
and defeat. Men were born to succeed,  
not to fail.

What does education often do? It  
makes a straight cut ditch out of a free  
meandering brook.

## D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

No. 82 Main Street, Bismarck, Dakota.

—DEALERS IN—

## Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Bird Cages, Granite, Iron and Pressed Tinware, Lamps, Cordage, Wood-  
en-ware, Etc., Etc.  
Finest assortment of

Table and Pocket Cutlery, Shears and Scissors, in the City.

A new and complete stock of

## Cook and Parlor Stoves

just received.

## FARMING IMPLEMENTS!

DEERE & CO.'S PLOWS, AND BUCKEYE MOWERS.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Work done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

## M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

## Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

## AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts.,

BISMARCK, D.T

## The Pacific Sample Room,

COR. MAIN AND FOURTH STS.,

(Eisenberg's Old Stand.)

## EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

Only the CHOICEST LIQUORS and CIGARS Sold.

The place has been fitted up and abounds with

## NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS,

Thus making it the most popular resort in the City.

my31v7n1

ELDER & CO., Prop'r.

## J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail.

## PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

## GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIF & CO. I Shall Put in

## NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY  
KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES  
THAN HERETOFORE.

## COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

## JOHN DAHL, MERCHANT TAILOR

Third Street,

(Next door back of Merchants Hotel.)

Bismarck, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres  
and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and nob-  
liest styles. A good fit guaranteed. Give me  
a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned  
and repaired on short notice. 17m6

## O. H. BEAL,

DEALER IN



Fire Arms, Ammunition,  
Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sharps and Winchester Rifles a  
Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing.

Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.

MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T



# The Bismarck Tribune.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
Weekly, One Year, \$2.50  
Three Months, \$1.00  
Six Months, \$1.50

**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
Transient, Display, One inch, one time, \$1;  
subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,  
nonpareil, at same rate.  
Legal Notices.—Seventy-five cents per folio for  
first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each  
subsequent insertion.  
Contract Rates.—One inch, three months, \$5;  
two inches, three months, \$10; three inches, \$15; 10  
inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.  
Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-  
num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.  
Local business notices, 10 cents per line each  
insertion.  
Original poetry, \$1 per line.  
All bills for Advertising will be collected  
monthly.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

### MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge  
No. 130, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on  
the first and third Mondays of each month at 7  
p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-  
vited. JOSEPH HARE, W. M.  
EMER N. COREY, Sec.

### I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12  
I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond Hall every Tues-  
day. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-  
vited. W. A. BENTLEY, N. G.  
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

**EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.  
D., rector. Services at the brick school house  
every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday  
school after morning service. All are cordially  
invited to attend.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Services every Sun-  
day at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
Sunday School immediately after the morning  
services. Prayer meeting every Thursday even-  
ing at 7:30 p. m. Geo. W. BARNETT, Pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Corner of Thayer  
and Second Sts., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.  
Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday  
school at the close of the morning service. Prayer  
meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

### Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily. Sun-  
days excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except  
Sunday at 7:15 a. m.  
Leaves for Fort Benton, Berthold and Bur-  
ford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8  
a. m.; arriving every Monday, Wednesday and  
Friday at 3:30 p. m.  
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down  
river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; ar-  
riving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.  
Leave for Fort Keegan and Miles City and all  
points in Northern and Western Montana daily,  
except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bis-  
marck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.  
Leave for Deadwood and other points in the  
Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.  
Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.  
Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays  
from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1879.

The Dakota Republican thinks the  
Grant movement a step backwards and  
that the end will be accompanied with  
disaster.

It's a pity that Ben Butler can't get an-  
other faction of Massachusetts political  
blatherskites to endorse him. Ben would  
be a good tool for the woman's rights fan-  
atics to play with.

Tax right by virtue of possession is the  
only claim burned-out Deadwoodites have  
to their property, every vestige of the  
records being destroyed. This accounts  
for the government wagons returning to  
Meade empty. With fire-brand clubs and  
bull dog tenacity, the rightful owners  
have succeeded in keeping the lot jump-  
ers at bay.

The *Suan Lake Era*, in speaking of the  
retirement from the *Roscoe Express* of Mr.  
Lanning, says that his subscribers would  
not pay up and he was starved out. Mr.  
Cobban, who succeeded Lanning, takes it  
up and calls the *Lake Era Suan* a liar,  
stating that no editor in the country has  
a better filled wallet than Mr. Lanning re-  
ceived during his management of the *Ex-  
press*.

Upon what basis the *Fargo Republican*  
claims to be a newspaper, is indeed a  
mystery. If it ever contained any news  
the mechanical chief has succeeded in ef-  
fectually hiding it, and the editor's frail  
effort has not been appreciated. Fargo is  
surrounded with a rich, prosperous coun-  
try and opens her heart generously in the  
way of advertising, but she can boast of  
two of the most transparent newspapers  
in the Northwest. The *Times*, having be-  
come ashamed of itself, promises hence-  
forth to do better.

COL. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, who, for some  
unaccountable reason has been crowned  
with misfortune of being a newspaper  
man, and the editor-in-chief of this paper,  
accompanied by his daughter, left Satur-  
day to attend the re-union of his regiment  
at Marshall, Mich. The Colonel entered  
the service when a very young man, as a  
private, but gradually advanced in rank,  
until at the end of the service he was pos-  
sessed of a colonel's commission. He will  
return in about four weeks. In the mean-  
time THE TRIBUNE loses none of its rad-  
ical, relentless, rock-rooted, religious Re-  
publican proclivities, received at the re-  
cent re-baptism of the paper's politics by  
its present publisher.

Col. "PAT" DONAN left for the Hills  
Monday night to take editorial charge of  
the *Deadwood Pioneer*. Mr. Donan, like  
many of the sensible Southerners, has be-  
come disgusted at the extreme measures

still advocated by the Southern brigadiers,  
and, seeing no future for the sunny land,  
except want and desolation, has decided  
to cast his lot with the people of the great  
undeveloped Northwest. He is a young  
man of unusual ability, accepts the situa-  
tion of the lost cause, and discourages the  
inclinations of his Southern friends to  
still incite sectional animosities. As a  
worker for the interests of Dakota, he will  
prove a valuable factor and make the  
*Pioneer* an independent journal of na-  
tional as well as territorial importance.

THE Black Hills papers came this week  
tinged with yellow, emblematic of the  
fire. All the papers in the Hills have  
been issued regularly since the fire,  
though they have suffered much incon-  
venience. New outfits will arrive soon  
and these enterprising sheets will launch  
out prouder than ever.

THE Grand Forks *Herald* wheels into  
line and favors a division of the Territory,  
the forty-sixth parallel forming the south-  
ern boundary. It intimates that Grand  
Forks has material to make up the com-  
position of a delegate, but in case of a  
wrong application will heartily join the  
Lounsberry "boom."

CHARLES A. CARSON, formerly of the  
*Red River Independent*, is about to issue  
a monthly magazine to be known as  
"Carson's Hand-Book of the Red River of  
the North." Carson is a heavy gun and  
once a month is frequent enough to go off

It would be gratifying if some of our  
country exchanges would abandon the  
practice of spelling Bismarck without the  
"c," unless they wish to class it with them-  
selves as being of no particular use.

THERE is a row in progress over the recent  
walking match in New York. The Astly lot  
in the hands of Weston was attached for debt  
and now, it having been discovered that the  
track lacked fifty-nine feet of being a full mile,  
Ben Butler has been secured to bring suit against  
the outfit for a re division of the gate money.

THERE is considerable talk amongst our citi-  
zens about Col. Lounsberry. They want him to  
be their next representative at Yankton. We  
have no objections. — *James' Own Alert*.  
Whoever comes up for delegate wants to see to  
it that the *Alert* has no objections or else be  
doomed to dishonorable defeat.

CAPT. EDWARD MAGUIRE, for several years in  
charge of the upper Missouri river improve-  
ments, will soon inspect the river above Stubb's  
ferry and hopes, by next season, to extend the  
Missouri river navigation, so much needed in  
Northern Montana.

THE demand for labor in Deadwood is for in ex-  
cess of the supply. Everybody is at work, and  
men are eagerly sought after by anxious build-  
ers. Men are earning from ten to twelve dollars a  
day if they know enough about carpentering to  
drive a nail without splitting the board. — *West-  
ern Enterprise*.

THERE is a rumor afloat in Washington to the  
effect that President Hayes purposely keeps the  
English mission vacant with the intention of of-  
fering it to Gen. Grant. — *Press and Democrat*.  
Perhaps he is keeping it vacant so that he may  
occupy it himself. — *Grant* is willing, of course.

STRAYED from this office to-day a greyhound  
pup. The finder will convey a favor by return-  
ing him. — *Yellowstone Journal*.  
Can it be that the editor of that paper has been  
abducted?

THE editor of the *Clipper* had the misfortune  
on Saturday last, of stepping on a nail, and in-  
serting the same in his foot to the depth of an  
inch. It is very unpleasant. — *Cedar Springs*  
(Mich.) *Clipper*. — Long toes, those Michigan  
editors must have.

DAKOTA Territory produces pasturage unex-  
celled, and the time is not far distant when we  
will be supplying the East with meat as we now  
do with bread. — *Richland County Gazette*.

The editor of the *London Telegraph* received  
yesterday last week at the hands of the *Truth*  
As this report came by telegraph, there must be  
truth in it.

A DEADWOOD restaurant advertises that he  
will not be quite as stylish as he used to be, but  
that his customer's will have no reason to com-  
plain.

AN excited printer in the *New* office Deadwood,  
during the fire, carried out a cut of Hostetter's  
Bitters and laid down \$100 worth of type.

It is reported that Gen. Grant has done so  
much hand-shaking during the past three years  
that his shoulder is in constant motion.

As an evidence of the enterprise of Deadwood,  
over one-half of the saloons burned out, were in  
full blast the next day.

The wasp is a stem-winder. — *Ez.* Which is a  
stern reality.

For Ladies' and Misses' Fine  
Kid Shoes go to Watson's.

Go to Ludwig's new store, 88 Main Street, for  
Clothing.

**Closing Out Sale**  
of Clothing at C. O. at W. B. Watson's.

**Dissolution of Partnership.**  
The firm of Pennell & Roberts has this day  
been dissolved by mutual consent.

JOSEPH PENNELL,  
ROBERT ROBERTS,  
Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879.

**Notice.**  
Mr. M. H. Jewell has purchased THE TRIBUNE  
Job Rooms formerly leased by him, and has been  
appointed business agent of the Tribune and  
is authorized to contract and collect for the  
paper.  
C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

**A Bargain.**  
The stock, fixtures and good will of the Head-  
quarters Saloon, corner of Main and Second  
Streets, will be sold cheap for cash. Apply on  
the premises.  
C. A. KAPUSZ.

## An Ordinance.

The City Council of the City of Bismarck do  
ordain:

Sec. 1. That from and after the passage and  
approval of this ordinance the limits of Bis-  
marck, D. T., shall be bounded as follows, viz:  
From the centre line of Eighth Street on the  
East to Washington Avenue on the west, and  
from Sweet Street on the south to the south line  
of Sec. 33, on the north.

Sec. 2. That from and after the passage and  
approval of this ordinance, no person shall, with-  
in the limits aforesaid, stack or keep upon any  
lot, street or alley, any hay or straw, whether for  
the purpose of feeding stock or as a covering for  
barns or sheds, provided, however, that any per-  
son may keep hay or straw within the limits  
mentioned in section one of this ordinance, if he  
shall cause the same to be continually covered  
with boards so that no portion of the same shall  
be exposed.

Sec. 3. All persons who shall violate any of  
this ordinance shall, on conviction before the  
City Justice, be liable to a fine of not less than  
five nor more than fifteen dollars and costs of  
prosecution, and may be imprisoned until such  
fine and costs are paid not exceeding thirty days.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the city marshal  
to promptly make complaint before the city jus-  
tice of all persons offending against this ordi-  
nance.

Sec. 5. This ordinance shall be published in  
the BISMARCK TRIBUNE for the period of four  
weeks in succession.

Approved October 6, 1879.  
Attest: GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.  
M. O'SHEA, City Clerk.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, ss In Third Judi-  
cial District Court.

Sig Hanauer, Plff.,  
vs  
A. L. Ferris, Deft.

The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to A. L.  
Ferris, Defendant.

You are hereby summoned and required to an-  
swer the complaint of the plaintiff in this action  
a copy of which is on file in the office of the clerk  
of said court, and serve a copy of your answer up-  
on the subscribers at their office in the city of  
Bismarck in said county, within thirty days from  
the date of the service of this summons upon  
you, exclusive of the day of such service.

If you fail to answer the complaint within that  
time the plaintiff will take judgment against  
you for the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dol-  
lars besides the costs and disbursements of this  
action.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 8th day of Sep-  
tember, 1879.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY,  
Plaintiff's Attorney.

I hereby certify that the complaint in the  
above action was filed in my office on the 8th  
day of September, 1879.

EMER N. COREY,  
Clerk of Dist. Court for Burleigh Co.

**ROYAL**  
**BAKING POWDER**

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of  
Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from  
the wine district of France. Always uniform  
and wholesome. Sold only in cans by grocers.  
A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid  
on receipt of 80 cents. ROYAL BAKING POW-  
DER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap  
powders contain alum; dangerous to health;  
avoid them; especially when offered loose or in  
bulk.

## SHERIDAN HOUSE LIVERY STABLE,

First Class in every Respect.

New and Elegant Turn-Outs.

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats,  
Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

Office Rear of Sheridan House.

STOYELL & LAIR,  
Proprietors.

**HOW TO GET WELL.**  
Broken-down, Debilitated  
Constitutions. Both male and fe-  
male, and all difficult cases, for which  
help can be obtained now by elec-  
tricity, found to be so by undeniable facts. A  
True Theory. No Deception.  
The practical results of forty years' ex-  
perience will be shown to invalids in  
Pamphlets and tracts by addressing the emi-  
nently successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174  
W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13ylew

## W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

S. F. LAMBERT,

Dealer in

General Merchandise,

JAMESTOWN, D. T.

A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods  
and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaran-  
teed. 16m3p

## TO STEAMBOATMEN.

We are prepared to furnish you

## FRESH BEEF

AT

FORT BUFORD, D. T.,

In any quantity required. Boats leaving Bis-  
marck can telegraph us at our expense the quan-  
tity they will want and we will have it at the  
landing without causing the boats any delay.

LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

# 1879 FALL 1879 SIG HANAUER, Proprietor of the well known ST. PAUL BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE,

has just returned from the Eastern markets with one of the  
Largest and Finest Stocks of Goods

Ever shown to the public of this Western country.

My Stock consists of  
Fine Dress Suits,  
Fine Walking Suits,  
Fine Working Men's Suits,  
Fine Business Suits.

## YOUTHS', BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

In an Endless Variety, especially for children from 3 to 6 years.

# OVER COATS.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S.  
EVERY ONE NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS FOR  
FALL AND WINTER.

I would respectfully call the attention of Messengers and Freighters  
to a

## Buffalo Over Coat

made especially for my trade.

COME AND SEE IT AND YOU WILL BUY ONE.

## GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

My stock is far superior to anything ever exhibited here, and it is  
very doubtful if you can look at a better and well selected  
stock in the Eastern cities.

## HATS AND CAPS.

My stock resembles a city hat store.

COME AND SEE ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON,  
and get one of these Nobby Hats made to order

## BOOTS AND SHOES

For Gentlemen and Boys.

My assortment is full in all grades of the best manufacturers.

## TRUNKS AND VALISES.

You can find an immense line to select from at Eastern prices.

And now it gives me pleasure to announce that I have, on my recent  
trip east, procured the agency for the

## Largest and most Fashionable Merchant Tailoring House

in Chicago, and have now on exhibition an immense line of Samples  
of Piece Goods of the

## Latest and Finest Designs,

And will take orders for Over Coats, Dress and Business Suits, Pants,  
Vests, Etc., guaranteeing a perfect fit, and superior workmanship,  
excelling garments delivered by our Traveling Merchant  
Tailors, at prices at least

25 Per Cent. Less than those of any other House.

One single trial of any garment ordered by me will, I am confident,  
establish my claim and make the traveling merchant  
tailors reputation gone.

Having sold down my summer stock of clothing so low, I dare say  
that no larger and better stock in

## Suits and Over Coats

can be found than in my store. Therefore  
CALL ON ME WITHOUT FAIL AND GOODS WILL BE SHOWN CHEERFULLY  
Whether you buy or not. Come one and all to.

**SIG HANAUER,**  
St. Paul Branch Clothing House, 46 Main Street, opposite Postoffice.  
THOS. H. JONES, Salesman.

# C. S. Weaver & Co.,

SOUTH THIRD STREET, BISMARCK, DAKOTA. (MILLS AT DULUTH, MINN.)

## WHOLESALE BUILDING MATERIAL, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

COMMON LUMBER,  
CLEAR LUMBER,  
FENCING,  
STOCK BOARDS,  
SIDING,  
FLOORING,  
BATTINS  
SHINGLE,  
LATH,  
PICKETS,  
DOORS,  
WINDOWS

Full Line of Oak and Pine Lumber for Steamboat use

BUILDING PAPER,  
MOULDING,  
NAILS,  
AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

WHITE LEAD and OIL.  
LIME.

MARBLE HEAD LIME. IT MAKES ONE-THIRD  
MORE PUTTY THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN  
LIME. IT HAS NO WASTE. SOLD IN ANY  
QUANTITY AT OUR WAREHOUSE IN BIS-  
MARCK, AND IN CAR LOTS ON TRACK AT  
DULUTH.

CALCINED PLASTER,  
HAIR and CEMENT.

Our Goods and Work of the Best and prices Right

### PAINT.

MADE FROM STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD  
AND ZINC AND PURE LINSEED OIL. WE  
GUARANTEE IT TO WEAR LONGER THAN  
ANY PAINTERS' MIXTURE OF WHITE LEAD  
AND OIL; TO COVER TWENTY PER CENT  
MORE SURFACE WITH EQUAL BODY, BE-  
CAUSE FINER GROUND AND BETTER MIXED;  
NOT TO CHALK, RUB OFF, CRACK, PEEL, OR  
BLISTER, NOR DRY DOWN OR GROW FATTY  
LIKE ORDINARY LEAD AND OIL PAINT; TO  
DO ANY AND ALL WORK ON ANY BUILDING  
MATERIAL THAT CAN BE DONE WITH ANY  
PAINTERS' MIXTURE OF WHITE LEAD AND  
OIL. ONE GALLON WILL COVER 200  
SQUARE FEET, TWO COATS.

We supply everything wanted for building purposes. We buy for cash at the  
bottom of the market. Our stock is always large and well assorted. We give personal  
and careful attention to all orders. Furnish plans and estimates.

## J. W. RAYMOND & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.  
W. A. HOLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

McLEAN & MACNIDER,  
Wholesale

Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.  
Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

MRS. LINN,  
FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.  
26 North Third Street. Bismarck, D. T.

### STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.  
Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON. D. W. MARATTA.  
Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Supt.  
Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and  
all points on the Yellowstone. The only  
line carrying the U. S. Government  
Freights.  
Comprising the following first class steamers,  
built expressly for the Missouri river and  
in charge of careful and experi-  
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He watereth the hills from his chambers.—  
Ps. civ. 13.

Oh! the rippling and the mingling,  
Falling not from dawn till gloaming,  
Where the rapids are descending as for ages  
they have done;  
On each downward platform taking  
Just a moment's rest, then breaking  
Into sweet, enchanting laughter at the gleeful  
triumph won;  
All the latent echoes waking  
With the fun!

Sweeping from their rocky portal,  
Robed at once in light immortal,  
Bringing infinite revelations from the silences  
profound;  
How the little eddies whiten,  
And the longer beaches brighten,  
As the showers of brilliant dewdrops on their  
slivery slopes rebound,  
Falling into gems that lighten  
All around.

When the sunbeams come unbidden  
To behold the marvel hidden,  
All the waters take them captive, to adorn  
their raiment white;  
But the rainbow tells the wonder  
Of the radiance lying under,  
And the sun in regal beauty stoops to claim  
his own by right.  
Till the ripples fall asunder—  
Lost in light!

On the brink the mosses glisten,  
And the grasses stop to listen  
To the never-ending music of the waters flash-  
ing by.

Overhead the elm-trees stately  
In their hearts rejoice greatly  
At the dance of welcome coolness that be-  
neath their strongholds lie,  
Spread their myriad leaves sedately  
To the sky.

When at night the stars assemble  
In the far blue heavens, and tremble  
At their own reflected splendor, on the tor-  
rent borne away.

Then the laughing waves discover  
How the moon—earth's timid lover—  
Watches for the perfect mirror they have  
broken in their play;  
Watches—with the stars above her—  
Till the day.

Through all seasons' varied phases,  
Still the waters speak their praises  
Of the Power that sweeps them outward, in  
their fullness to the deep;  
All their rush and tumult guiding,  
For each drop a path dividing,  
Till in far-off breadths of ocean each its des-  
tined place shall keep,  
And at last, in calm subsiding,  
Fall asleep.

## JACK'S GREAT PERIL.

## A Starting Story of a Railroad Adventure.

I never saw such a change in a man in my life! When we last met, Jack—well, I must not give his real name, considering what I am going to relate, so I'll call him Jack Pallant—was, as he had ever been since I knew him, one of the lightest-hearted, cheeriest fellows in the world, full of fun, and up to every thing, and gentle and tender as a woman, with the courage of a lion. And now, what did I find him? Even though but three months had elapsed, he had become a grave, dejected, saddened man—in a word, hardly recognizable, either mentally or physically. I was shocked, and of course he saw that I was. He came to see me, indeed, the moment he heard I was in town, that I might learn from his own mouth what had happened, instead of at second-hand.

Jack had always been more or less a spoiled boy—only sons are always more or less spoiled—and having lost his mother when quite a child, it was not wonder that his poor old dad made much of him. But he had taken the spoiling kindly, and beyond making him perhaps a little idle and thoughtless, it had done him no harm. There was no harm in the fellow; he spent more money than he should, but many young soldiers do that without coming to much grief in the long run, and his father, a soldier before him, regarded the falling leniently, paid his bills, and looked pleasant. Beyond adding that he was a rather short, dapper little fellow, I need not say much more about him; I have only to try and put into coherent shape the strange and tragic business which had so fearfully altered him.

He was coming to town one autumn evening for a few days' leave from Gunnersholt, where he was quartered. I can see him as plainly as if I had been there, springing into the first carriage that offered room, without regard to who was in it; for he was the least fastidious of men, without the slightest particle of "haw-haw" pride and nonsense, or that stand-offishness of manner, too usual with men in his position; ready to make himself happy wherever he was, or in whatever company.

But it so happened, it appears, on this occasion that he got into an empty carriage, at least he thought so, for it was twilight, and he did not observe for the first moment the figure of a woman, seated in a further corner, dressed in dark clothes, and thickly veiled.

The sudden discovery that he was not alone rather startled him for a moment, and it may be, as he said, that the evening before having been a guest night at mess his nerves were not quite up to their usual tone. He was not the lad, however, to be long in such a situation without making some remark to his fellow-traveler, though in this case an unusual hesitation to do so came over him, owing to her mysterious appearance and extreme stillness. The between-lights of the carriage-lamp and the evening sky prevented him from discerning details, but there she sat, perfectly rigid, and with not a vestige of her face visible, through the thick black veil.

"Ahem! ahem!" he said at last, shifting one seat nearer to her and nearly opposite; "I hope I have not intruded on you; I thought the carriage was empty." I may be disturbing you, I fear." He would say anything in a random sort of a way, to break the ice as he called it.

No answer. A long pause. Very singular," he thought, and he moved to a seat exactly opposite the figure, making another commonplace observation. No response or any movement.

"Asleep, I suppose," he said to himself; and he sat watching her while the train rattled on for a mile or two. A station was reached, and a stoppage made, with the usual accompaniments of screech and whistling, and slamming of doors, but without producing any change in the occupant of the opposite corner. The train moved on. "Can't be asleep," he muttered, "What's the matter with her?"

The window was shut close; he let it down with a tremendous clatter and bang, remarking that "he hoped, as the evening was fine, the weather warm and the carriage close (for he declared to me there was a peculiar odor hanging about which struck him from the first)" she would not object to a little air.

Still no reply. Then, he said "he feared she was not well; would she like him to ring the bell for the guard and have the train stopped again?" But nothing he could say or do, elicited any sign of life from her.

Jack now became seriously alarmed, and uncomfortable on her account. He thought she could not be asleep, but had fainted. Suddenly it crossed his mind that she was dead. Night had now closed in, but as the last tinge of daylight faded from the sky, the carriage lamp gained its full power and revealed every object more plainly than hitherto.

Jack leaned toward the motionless form. A long black veil, falling from a close-fitting hat-like bonnet, enveloped nearly the whole upper part of her figure; indeed, on close inspection, it hardly looked like an ordinary veil, but more like a large black silk handkerchief. Her dress was of common black stuff, much worn and frayed, from amid the folds of which appeared the ends of a piece of rope that must have been fastened round her waist; and one hand, incased in an old ill-fitting black glove, lay placidly on her lap.

Full of unpleasant sensations, Jack was about to lift the veil, when, for the first time, the figure moved; its other hand stole slowly from beneath the folds of the dress, and the veil was gradually lifted and thrown up over the head.

Involuntarily my friend shrank back into the corner of his seat, for a face was revealed to him which no one could have looked upon without a sense of awe. It was that of a woman somewhat past middle age, thin, haggard and pale to a degree which only death could parallel. The features, finely chiseled and proportioned, showed that at one time there must have been supreme beauty; while, though the iron-gray hair looked a little disheveled and unkempt, the glance of the eye was steady, calm and determined.

In this glance lay, chiefly, the awe-inspiring expression of the face, for, in addition to the penetrating look, there was a persistency in it, and at the same time a fascination, quite terrible. It fixed itself upon Jack from the first moment that eye met eye, and for several minutes not a word was spoken on either side. Presently, however, he tried to pull himself together and to assume his usual light-hearted manner, which had thus for a minute been so strangely and unusually disturbed, and he said, briskly:

"I beg your pardon; I was afraid you were ill."

She slightly bent her head, but spoke not a word nor withdrew her glance.

He felt more and more that it was causing him an effort to be himself. Her slow, stealthy, albeit lady-like demeanor added greatly to the effect already produced, and a curious sensation was gradually creeping over him, that—impossible as it might seem—that face was not strange to him. Little as he, with his temperament, was given to speculation or introspection, he found himself striving to look back for some event or circumstance in his life which might give him a clue. Had he ever dreamed of such a face or had he seen it in childhood? He was puzzled, affected, quite put out. And still the deep, penetrating eyes were fixed on his, piercing, as it were, into his very soul. And the hands!—what were they doing? Taking off the gloves as with a set, deliberate purpose; and the long, white, thin, almost claw-like fingers worked strangely and nervously, slowly closing and opening upon the palm, as if preparing to grasp something.

Again he strove to throw off the unpleasant, unusual sensation which had crept over him.

"I can't stand this," he thought; "I was never so uncomfortable in my life! I must do something or say something to put a stop to this, to make her take her eyes off me!"

He moved abruptly to the further corner of the carriage, and to the same side on which the woman sat.

"I'll try and dodge her in this way," he said to himself; she shall not sit and glare at me in this fashion!"

But she, too, immediately shifted her place, and rising to her full height, which was very great, went over to the seat exactly opposite to him, never for one single second dropping her eyes from his. He looked out of the window with a vague notion of getting out of the carriage; which suddenly, passing a little station which he recognized, but at which the train did not stop, an idea struck him—an idea after his own heart—a comic idea! He availed himself of it on the instant, and assuming an ease which doubtless sat ill upon him, and which he was far from feeling, he pointed with his thumb back toward the station they had just passed, as he said mysteriously in a hollow voice:

"Do you know that place?" She seemed to answer in the affirmative by a slight inclination of the head as before.

"Ah! you do. Good! Langmoor," he went on; "then I don't mind telling you a secret." He paused. (I'll frighten her," he thought.) "Criminal lunatics," he said aloud; "I am one of them. I have just escaped from there!"

"So have I!"

With what had already gone before, this put the finishing touch to Jack's uneasiness of mind. It was not as he said, the mere presence of the woman or the revelation that his "joke" had elicited, which scared him, though the circumstance in itself might be unpleasant enough.

"I should have faced it right away from the first, as any man would have done, had it not been for the remarkable influence her face and look had upon me; that unaccountable feeling that she was no stranger to me, it was, that unnerved and even appalled me."

No sooner had she uttered the words, "So have I," than Jack sprang to the cord communicating with the guard's van, for he felt their truth, and saw in them a key to the whole mystery. But, ere his hand had reached the cord, she had seized him round the waist with one arm as with the grip of a vise, and at the same instant he felt one of those terrible hands at his throat.

Every effort to release himself was fruitless; her strength seemed superhuman, and was as far beyond his as was her stature. Her face glowered close down upon his now, still with the same fell expression.

"The only thing I could have done," went on Jack, in describing the scene to me—and just here he shall speak for himself; "the only means by which I might perhaps have made her relax her hold would have been by aiming one or two tremendous blows with my right fist (which was a liberty) at her face. Had been a man's, there would have been no hesitation; had it been indeed that of an ordinary woman, at such a pass I should not have hesitated to strike her, to stun her, if I could, by any means; but that face, that I seemed to know so well, yet so mysteriously, I could not raise my hand against it, and, as my arm swung up with the first impulse to deal her a blow, it fell helpless by my side. Vain were my efforts to get her hand away from my throat; there was a terrible swaying to and fro for a minute or two, I felt the grip of the long fingers tightening, and myself choking. Suddenly we fell—there was a fearful jerk or two, a strange upheaving of the floor, a tremendous rattle and crash—I appeared to be thrown headlong to some great distance, and—"

The termination of that deadly struggle was brought about in a manner as marvelous and unlooked for as could well have been imagined. Some fifty souls, say, were traveling in that train, all save one in perfect security. Jack's life alone was in danger, when, lo! by one of those marvelous coincidences which do happen at times in the supreme moments of existence, the rescue came, but at the cost of many a life, which just before would have seemed worth treble the purchase of Jack's.

At the very instant that his might have depended upon another tightening grip or two from the hands of a maniac a frightful catastrophe occurred to the train. The tier of an engine wheel broke, and half a dozen carriages were hurled down a steep embankment. The scene that succeeded is, unhappily, of too common an occurrence to need more than a word of reference here. Seven passengers were killed outright; double that number slightly or badly hurt; the remainder escaping, as by a miracle, with nothing else than a severe shock.

My friend was among the shaken. He had been thrown clear off the debris on to a soft grassy spot, half-bank, half-hedge; emphatically, his life was saved! But what followed it was that which caused the suffering that wrought the terrible change in Jack.

In the darkness of that soft autumn night he strove, foremost among those who had been spared, to render such help as was possible to the less fortunate. When the official assistance came, and fires were set blazing to give light, almost his first care was to try and seek out his dangerous fellow-traveler. In the confusion, nobody was prepared, of course, to listen to Jack's account of her, even had he been prepared then to give it. She was not, evidently, moving about among the crowd; he assured himself of that; but supposing her, like himself, to have escaped injury (and he concluded that this was likely), might she not, with the stealth and cunning incidental to her malady, be hiding, and by thus further eluding detection, become, with her homicidal mania, as dangerous to the community at large as some fierce, wild animal would be? The thought made him shudder; he must lose no time in assuring himself of her fate.

As soon as an approach to order could be evolved out of that awful chaos, he had convinced himself that she was not among the injured. Then he turned to the dead. His eye fell upon several mutilated and motionless forms, which had been laid in an ominous row at the foot of one part of the embankment. Hers was not among them; he could find no trace of her.

At length, as a sickly dawn was beginning to make the search easier, he endeavored to discover the spot where the carriage he had occupied had fallen, and to retrace his steps (quite to the rear of the train, by the way) to the place where he found himself lying after the catastrophe.

By this time he had made known briefly to some officials that a woman was missing who had been in the carriage with him, and one or two of them followed him in his quest. Presently he realized pretty well where he had been thrown; he all but identified the spot. Then he scrambled through the hedge, and there on the opposite side, on the sloping bank of a ditch, he beheld, lying quite still, her dark, unmistakable form.

He ran forward, and bending over her and looking down upon the marble, upturned face, saw at a glance that there was nothing dangerous about her now—those terrible eyes were closed forever!

Except for a slight wound on one temple, whence a little blood had trickled, and the distorted, but now rigidly closed hand, which had been so lately at his throat, she looked as calm and uninjured as if she was merely sleeping, while death had restored for a brief period much of that beauty, the traces of which struck him when her veil was first lifted.

One of the surgeons here came hurrying up in answer to summons.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "here she is then, at last! Why, she must have been in the train, how on earth did she manage it?"

"Who is she?" inquired Jack, earnestly, with a strange return of the old inexplicable sensation. Who is she? You appear to know her. Pray tell me."

"Oh, one of our inmates; she got away yesterday morning, no one knows how," was the answer.

"You are from Longmoor, then. How long has she been there? What is her name?"

"Oh, she has been there upward of twenty years, I believe; long before my time."

"And her name?"

"Upon my word, at this moment I can hardly," went on the doctor, mechanically passing his fingers over one of the pulseless wrists before him, and with a calm hesitation, which contrasted strongly with Jack's earnest, impetuous manner, "I can hardly remember. I think she was committed for the murder of her own little girl. It was a very sad case, I know. Ah! her name; I have it," went on the doctor suddenly; her name was Pallant—Rachel Pallant."

Jack sprang from the kneeling posture in which he was, as if he had been shot. Why, that was his own dead mother's name! But pshaw! what of that? Well, it was rather a startling coincidence; that was all! Aye! but was it all! Indeed no.

The inquest led to a revelation. That inquiry fully explained what had been the nature of the influence which the weird pale face and strange presence had upon my friend.

The strong but subtle link which no time or absence can quite under existing between mother and son had made itself felt the instant those two sat face to face, for the unhappy woman was indeed no other than Jack's own mother!

He had never been told; in fact it had been carefully kept from him. Why run the risk of clouding for life that bright and happy temperament? He was only four years old when the dreadful business happened; hence he had scarcely known a mother's care—she was lost to him, to the world, as completely as if she had died. Nay, death would have been a mercy by comparison, and it was generally assumed that she was dead; only a few intimate friends knew the truth.

The poor lady's mind had given way suddenly after the birth of a child, which did not live. Within a week the homicidal mania possessed her; by the merest chance she had been prevented from committing some frightful outrage upon her little boy, my poor friend Jack; and restrained not having been put upon her in time—for her malady had hardly been suspected, so unlooked for was its appearance—she consumed her deadly propensity upon her eldest child, a girl fifteen years of age—killed her, in a word, as she lay asleep.

And here, after a lapse of twenty years, was the climax and end of the tragedy, as dreadful as anything that had gone before. The order for release, when it came, brought with it as much suffering (to all but one) as had the order for captivity. No wonder that Jack was an altered man. I have never seen a smile on his face since—though I trust that time, with its healing influence, may at last soften the blow.

**A FUNERAL IN AUSTRALIA.**  
The Burial Service Read Over the Body of a Miner—An Impressive Scene.

We had been settled about a fortnight in this lead on the Shootover, when one day one of our party fell over a precipice and was killed. Previous to this our whereabouts had become known, and we were now surrounded by a large number of miners, who, when they heard of the accident, came in to sympathize with us, and to offer us any assistance that we might need.

Our first sad duty was to obtain a coffin, if that was possible; there was no timber within ten miles, and no tools in the camp, except knives and tomahawks. With these, Tom Sanderson and myself set out to the timber hills; we felled a tree, cut it off the proper length, and then set about finding means to split it. We made wedges out of hard wood, cut hard-wood wood branches for hammers, and after much labor succeeded in splitting the tree into rough, heavy planks. Notwithstanding the difficulties which confronted us in the absence of tools, we managed to form the materials for a coffin. Of course having no nails, we could not put it together; there were no nails within two hundred miles. Having made the coffin, we brought as much of it back to camp as we could carry, and sent a party out for the remainder, for the materials were very heavy.

The only spot where we could find earth enough to form a grave was at a point about two miles from camp, on the side of a hill. Thither the coffin was carried, and afterward, the body wrapped in a tent-cloth, the grave was dug and the coffin placed within it, piece by piece; then the body was placed in the coffin, and the rough, heavy lid placed over it. Men of every nationality and of every shade of religious opinion stood around the grave. It was a weird and solemn scene; the crowd of wild-looking men with uncovered heads surrounding the grave on the hill-side; the wild scenery, rough, rocky peaks, deep, yawning gorges, and lonely pines rising one above the other, standing like sentinels guarding

the treasures of the lonely regions around them. I inquired if any one had a prayer-book; the inquiry was passed around the crowd, and it found an affirmative response. It was an Episcopalian prayer-book. I scarcely knew how to conduct the service, but, having found the place, I knew there could be no harm in asking all to kneel. They did so, and the scene grew even more impressive than before. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans, and men of every nation of Continental Europe, Negroes, Chinamen, Maories, Catholics, Protestants and Dissenters, of every hue and shade of opinion, together with infidels and pagans, knelt reverently and listened in solemn silence to the grand language of the burial-service of the Church of England:

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Then, when I came to the Lord's Prayer, I asked them to repeat it with me; they did so, all who could. I shall never forget the scene. It was the most impressive in which I had ever been, or have since been, a participator. The ceremony over, we filled up the grave, and left our dead mate to his everlasting sleep on the lonely hillside.

**Thoreau's Thoughts.**

Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is not fit to be the companion of even himself.

The blue sky is a distant reflection of the azure serenity that looks out from under a human brow.

Cheap persons will stand upon ceremony, because there is no other ground; but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to us.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience, but his opposition to his instincts; in one direction or another he strives to live a supernatural life.

When we cease to sympathize with, and to be personally related to men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.

No fields are so barren to me as the men from whom I expect everything but get nothing. In their neighborhood I experience a painful yearning for society which cannot be satisfied, for the hate is greater than the love.

## CATARRH

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat,

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the treasures of the lonely regions around them.

I inquired if any one had a prayer-book; the inquiry was passed around the crowd, and it found an affirmative response. It was an Episcopalian prayer-book. I scarcely knew how to conduct the service, but, having found the place, I knew there could be no harm in asking all to kneel. They did so, and the scene grew even more impressive than before. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans, and men of every nation of Continental Europe, Negroes, Chinamen, Maories, Catholics, Protestants and Dissenters, of every hue and shade of opinion, together with infidels and pagans, knelt reverently and listened in solemn silence to the grand language of the burial-service of the Church of England:

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Then, when I came to the Lord's Prayer, I asked them to repeat it with me; they did so, all who could. I shall never forget the scene. It was the most impressive in which I had ever been, or have since been, a participator. The ceremony over, we filled up the grave, and left our dead mate to his everlasting sleep on the lonely hillside.

## Thoreau's Thoughts.

Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is not fit to be the companion of even himself.

The blue sky is a distant reflection of the azure serenity that looks out from under a human brow.

Cheap persons will stand upon ceremony, because there is no other ground; but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to us.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience, but his opposition to his instincts; in one direction or another he strives to live a supernatural life.

When we cease to sympathize with, and to be personally related to men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.

No fields are so barren to me as the men from whom I expect everything but get nothing. In their neighborhood I experience a painful yearning for society which cannot be satisfied, for the hate is greater than the love.



## THE WIND-SWEPT WHEAT.

Faint, faint and clear—  
Faint as the music that in dreams we hear—  
Shaking the curtain-fold of sleep  
That shuts away  
The world's hoarse voice—the sights and  
sounds of day.  
Her sorry joys, her phantoms false and fleet,  
So softly, softly stir  
The wisp's low murmur in the rippled  
wheat.

From West to East  
The warm breath blows, the slender heads  
drop low,  
As if in prayer.  
Again, more lightly tossed in merry play,  
They bend and bow and sway,  
With measured beat,  
But never rest. Through shadow and through  
sun  
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat.

Dreams, more than sleep,  
Fall on the listening heart, and hush its care.  
Dead years send back  
Some treasured, half forgotten time.  
Ah, long ago,  
When sun and sky were sweet,  
In happy noon,  
We stood, breast-high, 'mid waves of ripened  
grain.  
And heard the wind make music in the  
wheat!

Not for to-day—  
Not for this hour alone—the melody,  
So soft and ceaseless, thrills the dreamer's  
ear!  
Or all that was and is, of all that yet shall  
be,  
It holds a part—  
Love, sorrow, longing, pain;  
The restlessness that yearns;  
The thirst that burns,  
The bliss that, like a fountain, overflows;  
The deep repose;  
Good that we might have known, but shall  
not know;  
The hope God took, the joy He made com-  
plete—  
Life's chords all answer from the wind-swept  
wheat!

—Mary Anne De Vere, in *Christian Union*.

## WHAT VENTRILOQUISM DID

BY JOHN A. O'REGAN.

"It cannot be true. No, she is not so  
cruel, I will not believe it, but imagine it  
is some wild creation of excited fancy.  
She whom I deemed the impersonation  
of beauty and honor act thus? Why, it is  
as far removed from her nature as heaven  
is from earth.

And in a tremor of excitement he be-  
gan pacing backward and forward, grind-  
ing the inoffensive carpet beneath his iron  
heel.

"But here is her letter," he continued.  
"What other proof could I possess? Let  
me once more read it, so that each word  
may be indelibly imprinted in my mem-  
ory."

"Mr. Le Clare—I hope, for the sake  
of both of us, that you will forget what  
passed in the grove last evening, as I  
find on a closer analysis of my feelings  
I do not entertain for you that love which  
a wife should hold for a husband. Dur-  
ing our intercourse I never for a moment  
supposed that you regarded me with any-  
thing more than a passing friendship, and  
on learning the contrary, I was so aston-  
ished I knew not for a moment what to  
say. The fire and strength of your de-  
claration almost overcame me, and seeing  
that one little word would render you so  
happy, I could not refrain from uttering  
it. After your departure prudence whis-  
pered it were better to undo at once what  
pity had dictated; and so, much against  
my inclination, I am compelled to make  
you acquainted with the facts as they  
really are. Forget me and bestow your  
love on some other more worthy of it. If  
the past could be forgotten, it would be  
a pleasure to me for you to include among  
your friends, AMELIA FORREST."

After he finished reading it, for the mo-  
ment he paused and held his burning  
brow between his hands.

"I will do it," he said, with the air of  
a man who had resolved on something  
desperate. "I will learn my fate from  
her own lips, and if it is as I fear, I will—"

That evening he called upon Amelia  
and found her ready to start on a shop-  
ping excursion. On beholding him she  
started back in unaffected surprise, while  
the face that the moment before resem-  
bled carnage was deadly pale. It was  
almost dusk, and no lights being in the  
room he was not aware of her agitation.

"Good evening, Miss Forrest," he said,  
with a coolness he would fain have thrown  
aside, as he seated himself in accordance  
with an invitation from her. "I am sorry  
to detain you, but beg you will not  
object to a few minutes conversation  
with me; indeed it is on a subject of vital  
importance to me, otherwise I would not  
have presumed to trespass on your valu-  
able time."

"I see you have not forgotten how to  
flatter," she said as she lowered her face  
so that he could observe none of its work-  
ings, "and, I suppose, I shall have to  
grant what you desire."

"Miss Forrest," he continued, as if he  
had not heard what she had just said.  
"Is this a farce or does it contain your  
sentiments?" and he handed her the note  
that had been so fatal to his happiness.

One glance was sufficient to satisfy her;  
the writing was unmistakable.

"Mr. Le Clare," she answered, in tones  
that sent a chill through him, "when you  
entered I supposed you came in accord-  
ance with the request contained in this  
note, and as a friend and only such an I  
willing and happy to receive you. Since  
you mention what passed Sunday even-  
ing, I must again say it can never be.  
You might have spared each of us this  
painful interview, but perhaps it was bet-  
ter as it is."

"You mean this for your final answer?"  
he asked, with a calm dignity that sur-  
prised her.

"I do."

Without a word he arose, and left the  
room without ever noticing her.

The following morning the Forrest  
family were seated at breakfast when  
"Miss Amelia Forrest" cried the post-  
master, as, letter in hand, he tapped  
against the window. Kate Payton, her  
cousin, a blooming brunette of eighteen

summers, ran to the window and received  
it from him.

"I wonder who it is from," she said,  
with a shy glance, as she threw it into  
Amelia's lap.

Amelia blushed as she recognized the  
handwriting, and, going to the window,  
eagerly began to peruse it. No sooner  
had she mastered its contents than, with  
a shriek that startled all, she fell sense-  
less to the floor. Instantly all became  
confusion. One suggested one thing and  
another something altogether different,  
but Kate disregarded them and bathed  
her temples with cold water and forced a  
little wine between the clenched teeth.  
In a moment the effects of the liquor be-  
came manifest, and she once more  
breathed freely. Her swoon, however,  
brought on a swoon which was destined  
for weeks to confine her to her bed. Kate  
now took up the cause of all the trouble  
—the letter—and, as she supposed, it was  
from Mr. Le Clare. Its contents aston-  
ished her, and, as she finished reading it,  
she cast a glance of pity toward the un-  
conscious Amelia. It contained the fol-  
lowing:

MISS FORREST: In a few hours I will  
be aboard the Vermont, bound for the  
wilds of Australia. My prospects in  
New York were in every respect prom-  
ising, and at some day not far distant I  
had hoped to stand at the head of my  
profession. But these thoughts are  
things of the past; far, after what has  
happened, how can I remain, and per-  
haps in a few months see you the bride  
of another? In one sense of the word, I  
must thank providence for revealing to  
me before too late the baseness of your  
nature. A woman who would know-  
ingly lead a man on from day to day until  
she has her toils woven securely around  
him, and then toss him aside as a worth-  
less plaything, is unworthy of the title.  
But what think you of her who engages  
herself to her dupe, and when he is at  
the height of his happiness, with one tell  
blow to demolish the air-castle which  
she has so cunningly erected. Is she not  
only unworthy the name of woman, but a  
disgrace to it? And, worse again, if she  
plays the hypocrite and denies leading  
him on, and urges him to solace himself  
with another love, what think you would  
be your opinion of her? Ask yourself  
the question and perhaps you can answer  
it, and at the same time have a reason  
for my sudden departure. I was in doubt  
on receiving your letter; but our inter-  
view in the parlor set all my doubts at  
rest. Whatever my fate in a strange  
land may happen to be, before Heaven,  
you, by your heartless conduct, are re-  
sponsible for it. If you are capable of it,  
pray for your victim.

HENRY LE CLARE.

The cause of her sudden sickness was  
now apparent, and her father started to  
the dock to see if the Vermont had yet  
left, for he thought he could induce  
Henry to return, as there must be a mis-  
take somewhere; but all hope left him  
on finding he was an hour too late, and,  
sorrowful and disconsolate, he was  
obliged to return without him. Three  
weeks later Amelia was able to go about;  
but what a change! Instead of the joy-  
ous, light-hearted girl of old, she was but  
a mere shadow of her former self.

Five years have passed since the events  
above narrated. In one of our principal  
hotels there enters a man, weary and  
travel-stained, yet with a certain dignity  
and grace that, seen under any circum-  
stances, very plainly bespeak the gentle-  
man. He advanced, and, divesting him-  
self of his overcoat, revealed a frame  
sturdy and well-knit. The face, though  
not exactly handsome, possessed a cer-  
tain winning expression, and was the one  
out of a thousand most likely to attract  
the notice of the beholder.

"What name?" asked the clerk, as he  
opened the book and prepared the regis-  
ter.

"Henry Le Clare," he answered, as he  
drew out a book well-filled with bank  
notes.

That evening as he strolled along the  
veranda in front of the hotel he noticed  
an unusual excitement some distance up  
the street, and stepping forward he saw  
that it was caused by two horses attached  
to a carriage, who were dashing towards  
him. They seemed greatly excited and  
were beyond all control, while the car-  
riage lurched from side to side, and the  
bystanders expected each moment to see  
it upset and the inmates dashed to pieces.

Within were two young ladies who sent  
forth scream after scream which only ten-  
ded to increase the speed of the madden-  
ed steeds. In front of them was a large  
stone. Against this one of the wheels  
struck, and rebounding several feet in the  
air, one of the ladies was launched with  
terrible force against the curbstone. Henry  
knew that if the other was to be saved he  
must act very quickly, else it would be  
too late. He stepped into the street de-  
termined to at least try. On dashed the  
steeds, flakes of foam flying from their  
reeking sides at every step, while in front  
of them stood Henry, pale but resolute.

But five yards separated them—four,  
three, two, one! Right up against the  
horses' faces he sprang, and was success-  
ful in grasping the bridle-rein. For a  
moment they struggled desperately, paw-  
ed the air wildly; in fact lifted him from  
his feet, but there he hung like a dead  
weight, and they were unable to proceed.

They appeared to be hardly able to stand,  
and shook violently, as if knowing that  
they had met their match. Covered with  
blood, for their iron hoofs had struck him  
several times, he stepped in front of them  
and lifted his hat to the lady. What  
was his astonishment at beholding in her  
whom he had so gallantly rescued—  
Amelia Forrest!

With a groan of anguish he hastily as-  
cended the steps of the hotel, and disap-  
peared from the view of an admiring  
crowd, who would have further made the  
acquaintance of one who had performed  
an action of which any of them might  
justly be proud.

Official intelligence from Simla, of Sept.  
23, from two authentic sources, confirm the  
news that the Russian advance column has  
been defeated by the Turcomans at Glok Tepe  
with a loss of seven hundred killed, and  
that the Russians are falling back upon  
Benma.

"Telegram just received," said the clerk  
to Henry, as later in the evening he hand-  
ed him a slip of paper.

"Thanks," he said, as he threw the fel-  
low a piece of silver, and hastily tearing  
it open, read:

"MR. LE CLARE.—Come at once. She  
is dying, and would reveal something of  
importance."

"Dying!" he echoed wildly, all the old  
love returning despite the knowledge of  
her perfidy, and in a few minutes he found  
himself at the house.

"You will find her up-stairs alone,"  
said Mr. Forrest, as he himself opened  
the door; she would have no one present  
when you arrived, and I thought it best  
to let her have her way in what she de-  
sired."

He quickly ascended, but instead of  
Amelia Forrest, he beheld Kate Payton.  
At the sight of him she held out her  
hand and motioned him to be seated be-  
side her.

When she spoke it was in a low voice,  
and he was obliged to lean forward in or-  
der to catch the words.

"Before I begin," she said, "I shall  
have to receive your pardon. Otherwise  
I fear I shall not have the courage to pro-  
ceed."

He signified that she was forgiven, and  
she continued:

"Amelia and I were out riding to-day,  
when from some cause the horses took  
fright and I was thrown from the car-  
riage and received these injuries. You  
succeeded in rescuing her, and it ever  
man had a claim on woman it is you.  
But I'd better commence at the beginning.  
Five years ago you received a note that  
was to undo the promise she once made  
to be yours. I may at once state it was I  
who wrote it. Do not start so, you fright-  
en me; for wretched being that I am, I  
loved you madly and thought that but  
for her you might be mine. You called  
to receive the answer from her own lips.  
It was I who received you. For months  
previous, I had been taking lessons from  
a celebrated ventriloquist on imitating  
her voice. It was dusk, you could not  
recognize me, and I finished successfully  
what my letter had begun. The letter  
that you wrote on board the Vermont al-  
most drove her crazy, and for some time  
we despaired of her life. On her recovery  
she had sutors by the score, but one and  
all were forced to leave the field for want  
of encouragement. Ever since, your image  
alone has reigned supreme in her heart.  
Examine your own, and see if there is  
not a little corner left for her. Answer  
me plainly, do you love her?"

"Love her?" he asked wildly, "I love  
the ground on which she treads. If I  
ever thought I could once more call her  
but no, it is impossible," and the strong  
man threw himself across the table and  
wept like a child. Kate coughed feebly,  
and from behind the window-curtain  
stepped the form of Amelia Forrest!

Advancing to the table she sat beside  
him and wound her arms around his  
neck.

"Henry, dear Henry, have you no word  
for me after these years of waiting?"

He started back and shook like an  
aspen; then seeming to understand that  
he was forgiven, he clasped her to his  
bosom.

Strange to relate, Kate recovered, and  
to-day she relates to a pair of fine boys  
how their father saved their mother's life  
in front of the M— Hotel.

The Language of Postage Stamps.

The language of postage stamps, in-  
stead of flowers, has just been invented.  
Thus when a postage stamp has been  
placed upside down on the left corner of  
the letter, it means: I love you; in the  
same crosswise: My heart is another's;  
straight up and down: Good-bye, sweet-  
heart, good-bye; upside down in the  
right hand corner: Write no more; in  
the center at the top: Yes; opposite at  
the bottom: No; on the right hand cor-  
ner at a right angle: Do you love me? in  
the left hand corner: I hate you; top  
corner on the right: I wish your friend-  
ship; bottom corner the left: I seek your  
acquaintance; on a line with surname:  
Accept my love; the same upside down:  
I am engaged; at a right angle in the  
same place: I long to see you; in the  
middle at the right hand edge: Write  
immediately.

While this is all very good as far as it  
goes, those who put a postage stamp on  
any but the upper right hand corner of  
an envelope must hold themselves re-  
sponsible for all the swearing of the post-  
office clerks.

The Girls and Weddings.

As people who have visited the theater  
take out of their memories, for a day or  
so, some of the things that amused them,  
and laugh again, so young ladies linger  
lovingly over the details of a wedding.  
It is a curious experience, life in a house  
full of girls who have just left a mar-  
riage party. Their minds are full of the  
great theme; they tenderly record each  
incident; they can think of nothing else;  
and they tell each other a thousand times  
how the bride looked, and how she  
dropped her bouquet, and who picked it  
up again, and how the traveling dress be-  
came her. Not otherwise than when, a  
covey being dispersed, men go round and  
shoot the straggling birds, so admirers  
might easily win the hearts of the fair  
who are still hovering wistfully round  
the memory of a wedding. Thus nature  
has provided chances for bridesmaids;  
and thus the superstition that it is un-  
lucky to be often a bridesmaid is justifi-  
ed. For if a lady can survive heart  
whole, and pass unscathed through these  
moments of sympathy, it is certain that  
she never will be won.

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news that the Russian advance column has  
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that the Russians are falling back upon  
Benma.

## VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood & Gives Strength.

DU QUOIN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir,—Your "Vegetine" has been doing  
wonders for me. Have been having the *Chills*  
and *Fever*, contracted in the swamps of the  
South, nothing giving me relief until I began  
the use of your Vegetine, it giving me im-  
mediate relief, toning my system, purifying my  
blood, giving strength; whereas all other medi-  
cines weakened me, and filled my system with  
live in the acute districts of the South and West  
would take Vegetine two or three times a  
week, they would not be troubled with the  
"Chills" or the malignant *Fever* that prevail  
at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills  
and live to a good old age. Respectfully  
yours,  
J. E. MITCHELL,  
Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If VEGETINE  
will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure  
such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect  
health after trying different physicians, many  
remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclu-  
sive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be  
cured? Why is this medicine performing such  
great cures? It works in the blood, in the cir-  
culating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great  
Blood Purifier*. The great source of disease  
originates in the blood; and no medicine that  
does not act directly upon it, to purify and  
renovate, has any just claim upon public at-  
tention.

## VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir,—I have used several bottles of  
"VEGETINE"; it has entirely cured me of *Ver-  
tigo*. I have also used it for *Kidney Complaint*.  
It is the best medicine for kidney complaint.  
I would recommend it as a good blood puri-  
fier.  
N. YOCUM.

PAIN AND DISEASE. Can we expect to en-  
joy good health when bad or corrupt humors  
circulate with the blood, causing pain and dis-  
ease; and these humors, being deposited  
throughout the entire body, produce pimples,  
eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness,  
headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and numer-  
ous other complaints? Remove the cause by  
taking VEGETINE, the most reliable remedy  
or cleansing and purifying the blood.

## VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine.

XENIA, O., March 1, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you what your  
Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted  
with *Neuralgia*, and after using three bot-  
tles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I  
also found my general health greatly improv-  
ed. I believe it to be a good medicine.  
Yours truly,  
FRED HARVERSTICK.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind  
of humor, and restores the entire system to a  
healthy condition.

## VEGETINE

Druggist's Report.

H. R. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir,—We have been selling your "Veg-  
etine" for the past eighteen months, and we  
take pleasure in stating that in every case, to  
our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction.  
Respectfully,  
BUCK & COWGILL,  
Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

## VEGETINE

IS THE BEST

Spring Medicine.

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—PREPARED BY—

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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and we challenge competition.

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U.S. Commissioner,

JUDGE OF PROBATE,

AND

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

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Headquarters for Army and Missouri River

People.

## St. Paul Business Directory.

(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons.)  
PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and  
Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old  
Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines  
and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London  
Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul,  
Minn.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in  
Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps,  
Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods.  
East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CAMPBELL, BURBANK & CO.—Manufactur-  
ers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Fur-  
nishing Goods, No. 89 East Third Street, St. Paul  
Minnesota.

ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars,  
L. 13 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finch  
Culbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Acad-  
emy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House.  
New, elegantly furnished, and situated in the  
finest portion of the City.

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in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great  
Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the  
most convenient location with reference to  
reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business  
in that City.

Through Tickets



## LOCAL LEVIES.

### Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

The fire company have ordered a large bell and rubber suits.

Mandan barely escaped being burned by prairie fire last Monday.

The travel by the Bismarck route to the Hills is immense. It is the shortest route.

Dan Eisenberg's new stock of goods shows up like a silver half-dollar in the sunshine.

The Bismarck flouring mills have increased the value of property in this vicinity \$1 per acre.

The streets have been unusually lively this week and the prospects for a busy winter are very flattering.

The new depot at Mandan will be one of the finest on the line. R. H. Monford, of St. Paul, will be the agent.

'Tis now that garrets yield up old stoves and rusty pipe, and the need of a doxology is felt in every household.

The new Episcopal church is fast nearing completion and will be one of the handsomest churches in the territory.

If three men set down to a game of cut-throat euchre is not the man a cut throat who will rob the winner of his prize? Ask Gurley.

Extensive fires are raging in the vicinity of Deadwood, burning timber, cord wood, etc., and Lead City was once threatened with destruction.

The first dance of the season at Champion Hall last evening was a very orderly and pleasant affair. The managers are entitled to much credit therefor.

Bookblacks and newboys have made money in Bismarck this season. One of the former stripe has accumulated \$80 in the bank and one of the latter \$120.

Twelve government wagons were dispatched from this point Wednesday for Colorado, the scene of the recent Ute outbreak. A winter campaign is expected.

Mrs. Lambert, one of the pioneer ladies of Bismarck, died of consumption Sunday night. She was the widow of Dick Lambert familiarly known as "Uncle Dick."

Large quantities of Black Hills freight is arriving daily and being sent forward. Extra coaches of express are being sent through and Deadwood will soon be well stocked again.

Out of 75,000,000 feet of timber in the Black Hills 35,000,000 burned last week by fire. Dwelling houses were saved only by keeping the roofs wet and ploughing around them.

The Pans LePetre and Hudson Bros. combination, who have been at Smith's Opera House, Miles City, for some time past, are now making a tour of the Montana mining towns.

The Malloy Bros. of the Western House, have expended nearly \$3,000 this season in improvements and now have a very large and finely arranged hotel. They are also building a large barn.

THE TRIBUNE omitted last week to mention the marriage of M. J. Holloran, to Miss Kelley. Father Chrysostom tied the knot, and the happy couple wouldn't have it untied for anything.

John Ludewig now runs two establishments. His clothing and furnishing goods department is in the new Malloy block and his grocery store at the old stand Mr. Ludewig sells at bottom prices.

Indian Agent Crissey, of Sisseton, who has been stopping in the city for the past two weeks in charge of six half-breed children, left by stage Monday morning for Standing Rock, to increase the number, after which he will go to Carlisle, Pa., to place them in a new school, founded for the education of the red men.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

Matt Kelly will soon start for Brule City.

John A. Rea left on Wednesday for Fargo.

Capt. D. W. Maratta went to St. Paul this week.

D. I. Bailey returned from his eastern trip Tuesday.

Hallett & Keating leave for Leadville in about two weeks.

Joe Leighton and wife returned to St. Paul Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Milan Harmon, of Ft. Lincoln, are in the city.

W. A. Burleigh is in the city. He is on his way to Miles City.

C. Harrois returned from Miles City this week, disgusted with the city.

A Hilger, of the Kentucky Home at the Land-lag, will go to Brule City.

Geo. P. Flannery returned from his St. Paul visit Tuesday night on the delayed train.

Geo. Glover, a Minneapolis typo, passed through here Wednesday on his way to the Hills.

P. J. Callahan has the Brule City craze and will drive down there and look the country over soon.

Charlie Louis returned from Miles City this week. He does not think that Miles City is the place for him.

Sut. Winston will return from the east soon with a bride—a Virginia belle. They are to be married on the 25th.

Robt. Macnider went to St. Paul this week on a short business trip. He will also meet his family at that point.

With Hood and Gurley both in town what show does the average citizen stand? A show of being talked to death.

Tom Winston and Chas. Gurley, of Stevenson, looked in upon an unsuspecting public yesterday, but there is something in their countenances that Bismarck does like.

Sam English, the gardener, is about to leave for Leadville, Col. Mr. English had the finest garden this season, in the Northwest. His loss will be greatly felt by the consumers of his produce.

Sherwood, of the military telegraph line, went to Ft. Yates last week to string a wire across the Missouri at that point. Every attempt failed as the wire would not stand the strain of its own weight. A cable will have to be laid.

Ray G. W. Barnett, of the M. E. Church, has been transferred to St. Charles, Minn. His pul-

pit here will be filled by Rev. J. M. Ball, who comes well recommended. The citizens will miss Rev. Barnett, and wish him future prosperity.

## Married.

HALLORAN-KELLY.—At the Catholic Church, on Sept. 23, by Father Chrysostom, Mr. M. J. Halloran to Miss Mary Agnes Kelly, both of this city.

We offer our horses, wagons and fixtures for sale cheap and our stock at cost price. Good chance for bargains.

HALLETT & KEATING.

## New Hardware.

John Rowland has just opened a large stock of stoves and hardware in Raymond's brick block, next door to the post office. His stock is new from the east and is very complete. He has every variety of heating and cooking stoves and a stove especially adapted to the burning of Dakota coal. All stoves brought of him will be delivered and set-up free of charge. Parties in want of a winter stove should call and see this immense stock.

Fifty Doz. Ladies' and Misses' Arctic Snow Excluders at W. B. Watson's.

## Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all indebted to this firm will be required to make immediate settlement as we intend closing out our stock and indebted are requested to present their bills for settlement.

HALLETT & KEATING.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879.

## For Sale.

Forty head of fine Working Horses in good condition for sale cheap, or will let teams and drivers by the day. Can be seen at Spiritwood, D. T., on N. P. R. R. Address 20-22.

CUYLER ADAMS.

## Dissolution Notice.

From and after this 30th day of September, 1879, the Merchants Bank of Bismarck will discontinue receiving deposits and will go into liquidation. The First National Bank of Bismarck succeeds to its business. All persons having claims against the Merchants Bank are requested to present the same for payment.

C. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.

## Wanted.

To borrow \$300. Highest interest allowed on improved city property. Inquire at this office.

M. P. SLATTERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

## Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. SLATTERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.  
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.  
WASHINGTON, September 12, 1879.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned it has been made to appear that THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK, in the City of Bismarck, in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.

Now Therefore, I, John Jay Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that The First National Bank of Bismarck, in the City of Bismarck, in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in Section Fifty-one Hundred and Sixty-nine, of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 12th day of September, 1879.

Signed  
[SEAL]  
19-26  
Jno. Jay Knox,  
Comptroller of the Currency.

## Notice.

Notice is hereby given that after twenty days of the first general meeting of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh County, application will be made to said board for the laying out of a public highway from the southeast corner of Block Four, Town 138, Range 80 in a direct easterly direction upon section limits to Bismarck, October 2d, 1879.

STOTELL & BALL.

for petitioners.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, { In Probate Court  
County of Burleigh, {  
In the matter of the estate of Frederick Helbringer, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that M. J. Edgerly has filed with the Judge of this court, a petition, praying for letters of administration of the estate of Frederick Helbringer, deceased, and that Monday the 3d day of November, 1879, at 11 a. m. of said day, being a day of a regular term of this court, to wit: of the November term, 1879, at my office in the city of Bismarck, County of Burleigh, has been set for hearing said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and show cause why the said petition should not be granted.  
Dated October 1, 1879.

EMER N. CONEY,

Probate Judge.

20-23

Taken Up.  
UNITED STATES INDIAN AGENCY.  
STANDING ROCK, D. T., Sept. 13, 1879.

By an Indian of Standing Rock, one light grey horse pony, with blaze face, left hip knocked down, about nine years old, branded with a variety of Texas brands on the left shoulder and hip; water-lunge. Also, one light bay horse; right hind foot white; no brand on him; left front pastern joint swelled.

The owner, proving property and paying for advertising and keeping the horses, can get them at the Agency stable.

J. A. STEPHAN,

U. S. Indian Agent.

Lowest prices ever known on Breech-Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR \$15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illustrated Catalogue.

P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

WANTED.  
A Good Road and Work Team.

C. S. Weaver & Co.

D. MACNIDER & CO.  
Harness Makers and Saddlers,  
Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty.

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

## Land Notices.

LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., September 12, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Harry H. Gallows, Homestead Entry No. 65, for the W½ of the NE¼, and W½ of SE¼ of Sec. 2, Town 138, Range 80, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Wm. A. Bentley and C. A. Lounsbury, of Burleigh County, D. T.

16-20  
PETER MANTOR, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., September 12, 1879.

To Alexander C. Mann, James A. Emmons, Eliot C. Dudley, Henry C. Sharpley, and whom it may concern:

John Nichols, Jr., has this day offered to make proof and payment on his pre-emption, D. S. No. 14, on the W½ of NE¼, and N½ of SE¼ of section 14, township 139, range 81. You are notified that said proof will be heard and taken at this office on Saturday, the 18th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at which time you may present and show cause, if any you have, why said pre-emption entry should not be completed.

16-20  
PETER MANTOR, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 18, 1879.

To Andrew H. Meyers, Josiah Delamater, Wm. von Kuster, Louis Larson, and whom it may concern:

Complaint having been made at this office of your failure to comply with the requirements of the pre-emption law, under your several filings on the NE¼ of section 20, township 139, range 80, you are hereby notified that at this office, on Saturday, October 18, at 10 o'clock, a. m., testimony relating to said complaint will be heard and taken, at which time you may appear and show cause, if any you have, why your respective filings should not be cancelled.

17-21  
PETER MANTOR, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., October 3, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Thos. H. Jones, Pre-emption D. S. No. 124 for the SW¼ of Sec. 28, Town 139 Range 78 and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John Bowen and Robert Mcnider, of Burleigh County, D. T.

19-23  
PETER MANTOR, Register.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 3, 1879.

To John Quirk and whom it may concern:

You are hereby notified that complaint has been filed at this office for abandonment of your pre-emption D. S. No. 212, dated April 5, 1879, and that on Monday the 3d day of November, next, at 10 o'clock a. m. Proof will be heard and taken concerning said alleged abandonment, at which time you may be present and show cause, if and you have, why said filing should not be cancelled.

19-23  
PETER MANTOR, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 16, 1879.

To John Hannah, and whom it may concern:

Frederick F. Gerard having this day made application at this office to make proof and payment on the NE¼ of the NE¼, section 34, township 139, range 81. Under the provisions of the pre-emption act you are hereby notified that on Saturday, the 18th day of October at next, 11 o'clock a. m., said proof will be heard and taken and the contrary, unless cause be shown to the contrary; and at which time you may appear and show cause, if any you have, why such proof and payment should not be made.

17-21  
PETER MANTOR, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, Sept. 18, 1879.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry R. Ward against John Brush, for abandoning his timber culture, entry No. 19, dated May 1, 1879, upon the SW¼ of section 12, township 139, range 81, in Burleigh county, Territory of Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 18th day of October, 1879, at 2 o'clock p. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

17-21  
PETER MANTOR, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 10, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Edward D. Baker, homestead entry No. 67, for the SW¼ of Sec. 30 Tp 139 R. 80, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Wm. B. Shaw and John A. McLean, of Burleigh County, D. T.

20-24  
PETER MANTOR, Register.

Proposals for Court-house and Jail.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed proposals for building a court-house and jail in accordance with the plans, specifications, and details now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Burleigh County, at Bismarck, D. T., will be received until January 1, 1880, at 8 p. m.

Bids will be opened and passed upon by the Board at their regular meeting, the first Monday in January, 1880. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond in the sum of \$5,000, conditional that the bidder will enter into a contract, with approved security, in accordance with the plans, specifications and details, in case his bid is accepted. Not more than one-half the payment for the construction of said building can be made until the contract shall be executed and the building completed to the satisfaction and acceptance of the Board.

The building must be completed by September 1, 1880.

The building will be of brick.

The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.

J. H. RICHARDS, Clerk.  
Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 21, 1879. 13-3 mo.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the Matter of the Estate of James McGarry Deceased.

Notice is hereby given according to law to all persons having claims against James McGarry, late of the County of Burleigh, D. T., a steamboatman deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, at his office and place of business in the City of Bismarck, D. T., on or before March 13th, 1880, or they will be forever barred.

JOHN C. BARR,  
Administrator.

Dated Bismarck, D. T., the 11th day of Sept., 1879. 16-21

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, { In District  
County of Burleigh, { Court, 3d Judicial District

John P. Hoagland vs. Summons  
Ansley Gray

To the above named defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which was filed on the 22d day of August, 1879, in the office of the clerk of the District Court, in and for the County of Burleigh, Territory of Dakota, and serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber at his office on Main Street, in the City of Bismarck, Dakota Territory, within thirty days after the date of this summons upon you exclusive of such day of service. If you fail to answer the complaint within the time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

JOHN E. CARLAND,  
Atty. for Plaintiff.

Dated Bismarck, Aug. 22, 1879. 16-22

For Sale.

One dapple gray mare, seven years old, sound and in good condition; one light spring wagon and one set single harness. For terms apply at Bismarck Brewery, near landing.

1911

# STOVES!

## THE LARGEST STOCK

## AND BEST VARIETY

### Ever Brought to Bismarck

Just Opened at Raymond's Brick Block, next to the Post Office,

## ALL KINDS OF

## Heating and Cooking Stoves,

BASE BURNERS, WOOD BURNERS, ETC. ETC.

Also a Full Stock of Stoves especially adapted to the

## BURNING of DAKOTA COAL

Which will be sold

## CHEAP FOR CASH.

I also have a complete line of

## Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, Etc.

This stock is all new, just from the east, and is the largest and finest Northwest of St. Paul. Call and examine the extensive variety and the low prices of Goods.

JOHN ROWLAND, Manager.

## JOHN LUDEWIG,

DEALER IN

## Clothing, Boots and Shoes,

## FURNISHING GOODS,

## Groceries, Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

## GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

98 Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

# FALL OPENING,

## DAILY ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

## AT

## DAN EISENBERG'S

Just Received an Elegant Line of

## Flannels, Ladies' Cloth, Repellants

## AND

## Fall Dress Goods, Etc.

## ASA FISHER,

Wholesale Dealer in

## WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

## Cliff Bros. & Clark,

House, Sign, Carriage and Ornamental

## PAINTERS.

## GRAINING, MARBLING

AND

## WALL DECORATING.

Mixed Paints always on Hand.

Shop on 6th Street near Main.

## HARDY FRUITS

### OUR SPECIALTY.

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

## A FULL LINE

Of everything desirable. New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the best of Stock at Low Prices.

## OUR NEW SIBERIANS

Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples, Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit every locality. Send for Descriptive Price List

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.

J. C. PLUMB & SON,  
Green Hill Nurseries,  
Milton, Wisconsin.

SEND TO F. C. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.